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MONTHLY

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

JULY 1916

Poetry — Stephen Southwold
Bernard Gilbert
Wilfrid Thorley
The White-faced Decticus — Henri Fabre
War Vignettes — Bridget MacLagan
Ireland at the Cross Roads — Filson Young
Musical Notes — Edwin Evans

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

Kitchener — John Helston
The Shipping Muddle — David G. Pinkney
The British Empire — Frank P. Slavin
The Secret Constitution of the Shinn Fane — Major Darnley-Stuart-Stephens
The Eye of the Navy — D. Hugh Sway
There Resteth to Serbia a Glory—— — Alice and Claude Askew
Industrial France since the War — André Lebon
The Balance of Power — Austin Harrison
More about Rubber — Raymond Radclyffe
Books
An "English Review" Y.M.C.A. Hut

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Bournemouth,
April 8th, 1916.

Dear Sirs,

I am sending you an extract from my son's letter (he is on active service, somewhere in France). I wrote asking if I should send him vermin powder, and his reply is: "DON'T SEND ANY VERMIN POWDER, THANKS; I USE WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP, THAT'S AS EFFECTIVE AND MUCH MORE PLEASANT."

It seems to me a unique and spontaneous tribute to your soap.

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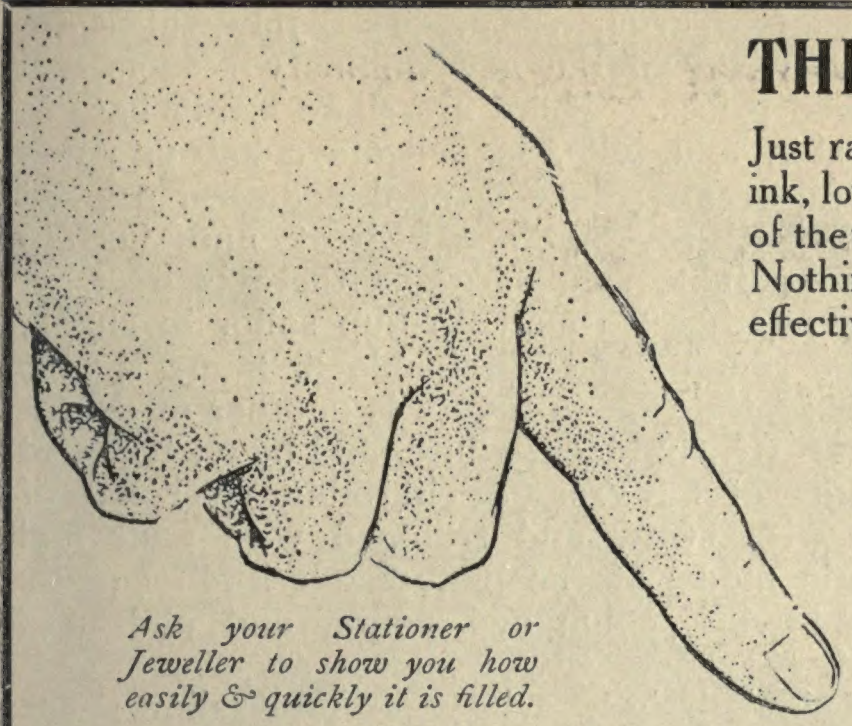
Under the Russian Red Cross

¶ There are so many relief funds for soldiers and sailors that we are perhaps apt to overlook the fact that there is a great civilian population which has been rendered destitute because of the war. The suffering in Poland and Galicia has been intense, and the institution of a relief fund in England has been a Godsend to those who have fared as badly as the Belgians at the hands of the enemy. The Great Britain to Poland Relief Fund, with which is associated the British Moscow Relief Committee, established under the Russian Red Cross, has already relieved distress for the past months in Poland and Russia. "During ten months' active operations, from April, 1915, the Fund has fed over one million refugees, without reckoning milk for children, and distributed 3,500 roubles' worth of clothing, besides that sent from England. According to Moscow's official doctor, the milk distributed daily to 600 children there throughout the winter has saved thousands of young lives. The Fund is now feeding about 5,600 daily."

This statement, which comes from Princess Lydia Bariatinsky, who initiated the Relief Fund, and is Chairman of the Committee, gives some idea of the magnitude of the Relief Fund, and the three reports by Mr. John Pollock—a member of the deputation—form the subject-matter of an illustrated booklet issued by the organisers. The Russian nation and Government are giving all the time that can be saved from fighting and also millions of money. In this work the Great Britain to Poland Fund has its place strengthened by the generosity and splendid service of the British Committees of Petrograd and Moscow. Few things are nearer to Russian minds and hearts than the plight of the refugees. By the money subscribed and the work it is doing the Fund is helping to cement the friendship of two great Allied nations.

Gems of the Best Quality

¶ Nothing is so personal as a gift of jewellery. It is one of the "extras" in life which need not be chosen because it is practical or useful, but with a view to individuality and artistic charm and grace of design. Such originality as well as real value in quality is guaranteed by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112 Regent Street, and everyone knows that the expenditure of £5 or £500 at this famous house of jewellery will result in the utmost value for the money and in absolute satisfaction. Gem rings especially are among the articles of jewellery which appeal at all times to women, and the collection of rings available at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths is unique in originality of design, excellence of mounting, workmanship, and wide variety of choice. The first price is £5, and for that sum a ring worthy of the traditions of the old-established house can be obtained. All the latest models in wrist watches may be seen also at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, and until one has seen them it is impossible to imagine how varied in style and how beautiful in design they can be. One, for instance, is a French model with a hand-painted cameo face. This has a line of fine pearls in the palladium band. An uncommon design is a gold watch with a fancy shape dial outlined with a border of white enamel. This is £14 10*s*., and there is a good selection of reliable watches from £5. There are watches for men on service from £2 10*s*., with luminous dials.



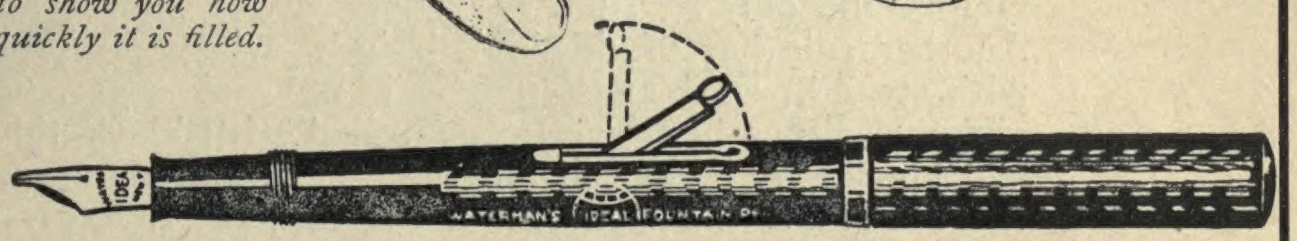
Ask your Stationer or Jeweller to show you how easily & quickly it is filled.

THIS little Lever fills it!

Just raise the little lever, immerse the nib in ink, lower the lever again, and this latest type of the world-famous Waterman's Ideal is filled. Nothing could be simpler, nothing more effective. This pen is known as the New

Lever Pocket Self-Filling

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen



Waterman's Ideal is the ideal gift for friends on Active Service. It may be had in 3 types: Regular, 10/6 and upwards; Safety and the New Lever Pocket Self-Filling Types, 15/- and upwards. Hundreds of styles.

Of Stationers and Jewellers everywhere Fullest satisfaction guaranteed. Nibs exchangeable if not suitable. Call, or send to "The Pen Corner." Full range of pens on view for inspection and trial. Booklet free from—

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N.B.—Waterman's Ideal is used by Dr. E. J. DILLON, HILAIRE BELLOC, *and many other eminent writers.*

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Smaller sizes of packing at proportionate prices.

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P.611 Issued by the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

b

Choice Millinery at Sale Prices

¶ Although a very charming collection of light summer hats has been prepared for us this season, the weather has not yet given us many opportunities of wearing them. The July sales are therefore most welcome, when all the new millinery models will be sold at greatly reduced prices. There are some lovely hats in areophane, Georgette, silk, and tulle, in delicate colourings and most becoming shapes, all greatly reduced for the summer sale, at Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's, Vere Street and Oxford Street, W. Among the notable sale bargains there is a smart little hat in Tagel straw, rather a round turn-up sailor in shape, trimmed with picot edge ribbon, and obtainable in many shades at 9s. 6d. A small, close-fitting hat in taffeta is another of exceptional sale value, only 11*s.* 6*d.*, in black, white, and navy, trimmed with ribbon and a *piquet* of flowers. A charming river hat of check voile underlined with straw and trimmed with fruit and flowers is a most artistic model of the picturesque kind, equally attractive in mauve and white, blue and white, and pink and white—and only 23*s.* 6*d.*

Another sale hat of original design—a large, round sailor shape with straight edge at the back—is reduced to 32*s.* 6*d.* It is most effective either in silver tissue veiled with black tulle, or in gold and black. A band and bow of tulle round the crown is the only trimming. A model in black Lisère straw at 49*s.* 6*d.*, trimmed with two big roses and velvet ribbon, is an artistic sale bargain.

The Fabric for All Seasons

¶ The important factor in underwear satisfaction is *material,* and there is no better material for men's wear than "Viyella." The perfection of cut, finish, and range of patterns in "Viyella" shirts ensure everyone getting what is required—indeed, the same rule applies to all "Viyella" garments for day or night wear. The importance of wearing garments that are really healthful is being continually insisted upon by medical men. "Viyella" is the fabric for all seasons, because it is made in a variety of weights from heavy winter to thin tropical. It is, moreover, in all its weights comfortable and soft against the skin, and it combines attractiveness with utility, being made in a large number of pretty, plain shades, as well as cream and white and in a variety of artistic stripings.

"Viyella" underwear is made of identically the same yarn as the cloth, and therefore embodies all the virtues of unshrinkability, exceptional durability and softness and healthfulness.

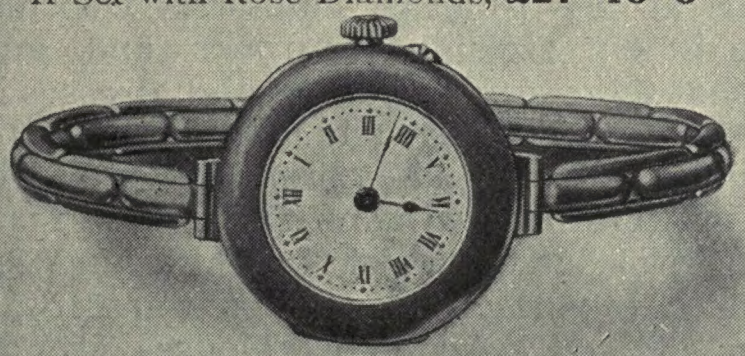
The Individual Note in Furnishing

¶ In these days of specialised trades, professions, and departments we begin to associate personality—that was once the possession of individuals—with firms. No doubt the individual mind is often behind it all, and the better and truer this directing taste the greater the firm's reputation. What may be called the "Heal" spirit seems to permeate all the very diverse wares for which the sign of the four poster is famous.

Within pretty wide limits one finds a choice amongst objects great and small which have first passed the standard of taste here set up. One may describe this spirit as sane, artistic, and English, and the smallest and newest designs have the quality of good tradition. Take, for example, such a thing as a metal hot-water can, a bedspread, an armchair, or a service of china—all very common and necessary details which we are accustomed to find of stupid, banal, and commonplace designs more often than not. At Messrs. Heal and Sons, 196 Tottenham Court Road, one knows that selection, invention, and taste have been lavished on these small things as well as upon the more important details of furnishing and decoration, and that one's choice will not be the ex-

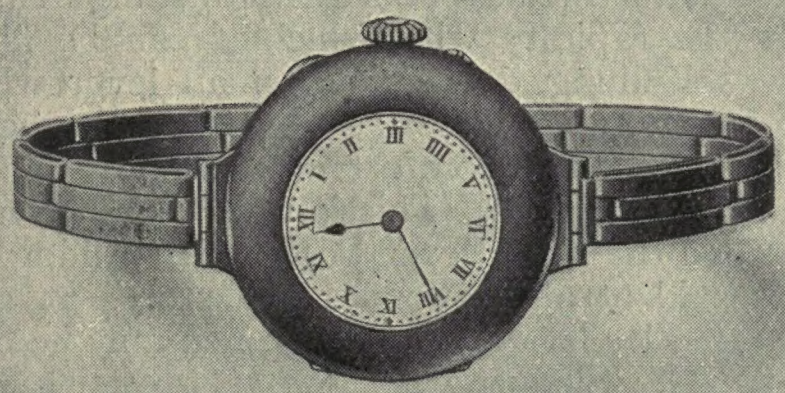
Keyless Lever Watch, Mounted with fine quality Diamonds set in Palladium, on Black Moire Silk Strap with Palladium Snap, **£32 10 0**

If Set with Rose Diamonds, **£27 10 0**



18-carat Gold Keyless Lever Watch, Fully Jewelled, Mounted on 15-carat Gold English-made Expanding Bracelet.

£10 0 0



9-carat Gold Keyless Lever Watch, Fully Jewelled, and Mounted on 9-carat Gold English-made Expanding Bracelet.

£5 0 0

Jewellers

Silversmiths

To His Majesty The King

The newest models in Watch Bracelets are to be seen at the Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company.

These Watch Bracelets, which are of highest quality, range in price from £5 upwards, and are the best value obtainable. A Catalogue will be sent on application.

The
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112, Regent Street, London, W.

hausting search for presentable objects amongst a wilderness of dull things, but a stimulating pursuit of the best amongst equals.

Sale of Tea-frocks Lingerie and Blouses

¶ The daintiest and most original designs in tea-frocks can always be seen at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody's, of Wigmore Street (Cavendish Square), and just now these are all very much reduced for the sale. There is one very graceful and simple model in *crêpe de Chine*, trimmed with pinked-out frills, and let in with hemstitching, which has a full-gathered skirt and a satin ribbon sash. This can be had in all colourings during the July sale at 69*s*. 6*d*. There are some good quality *crêpes* with cross-over bodices, which tie at the back, with *ninon* sleeves and plaiting round the collar, at 98*s*. 6*d*., in all shades. A copy of a French model in gold-embroidered *ninon* in purple, blue, and other shades, made with a kind of tunic effect, is very handsome and original at 8½ guineas. Messrs. Debenham and Freebody specialise in out sizes in tea-frocks and gowns. In the *lingerie* department there are fascinating nightdresses in figured *ninons* at greatly reduced prices—all underwear in *crêpe de Chine* is much reduced, and hand-embroidered linen garments, trimmed with real Val, are reduced from 29*s*. 6*d*. to 13*s*. 9*d*. and 14*s*. 9*d*. All the most exclusive models in white *lingerie* are less than half price. Thick Japanese silk petticoats are 16*s*. 9*d*., and full chiffon taffetas 18*s*. 9*d*. All model blouses are at special bargain prices. Notable among these are some exquisite linens trimmed with real lace in original designs.

A Famous Fountain Pen

The latest development in the Fountain Pen industry is the New Lever Pocket Self-Filling Pen invented by the makers of the world-famous Waterman's Ideal. The distinguishing features of this new model are the rapidity with which it can be filled and its simplicity. The self-filling device is a small lever which fits flush on the barrel, and in no way detracts from the beauty of the pen or interferes with one's comfort in handling. To fill, all one has to do is to raise the lever. This is the work of a moment. The new model is called the New Lever Pocket Self-Filling Waterman's Ideal, and is sold at all stationers and stores at 15*s*. and upwards. An illustrated leaflet describing the pen may be obtained post free from L. G. Sloan, The Pen Corner, Kingsway, London, W.C.

ALLEN & WRIGHT'S

Famous

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BRIAR

FINEST SELECTED BRIAR.
Silver Mount, Hand-cut Vulcanite.
Highest Grade Goods Made.

Order No. 34.

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Illustrated Smokers' Catalogue POST FREE.

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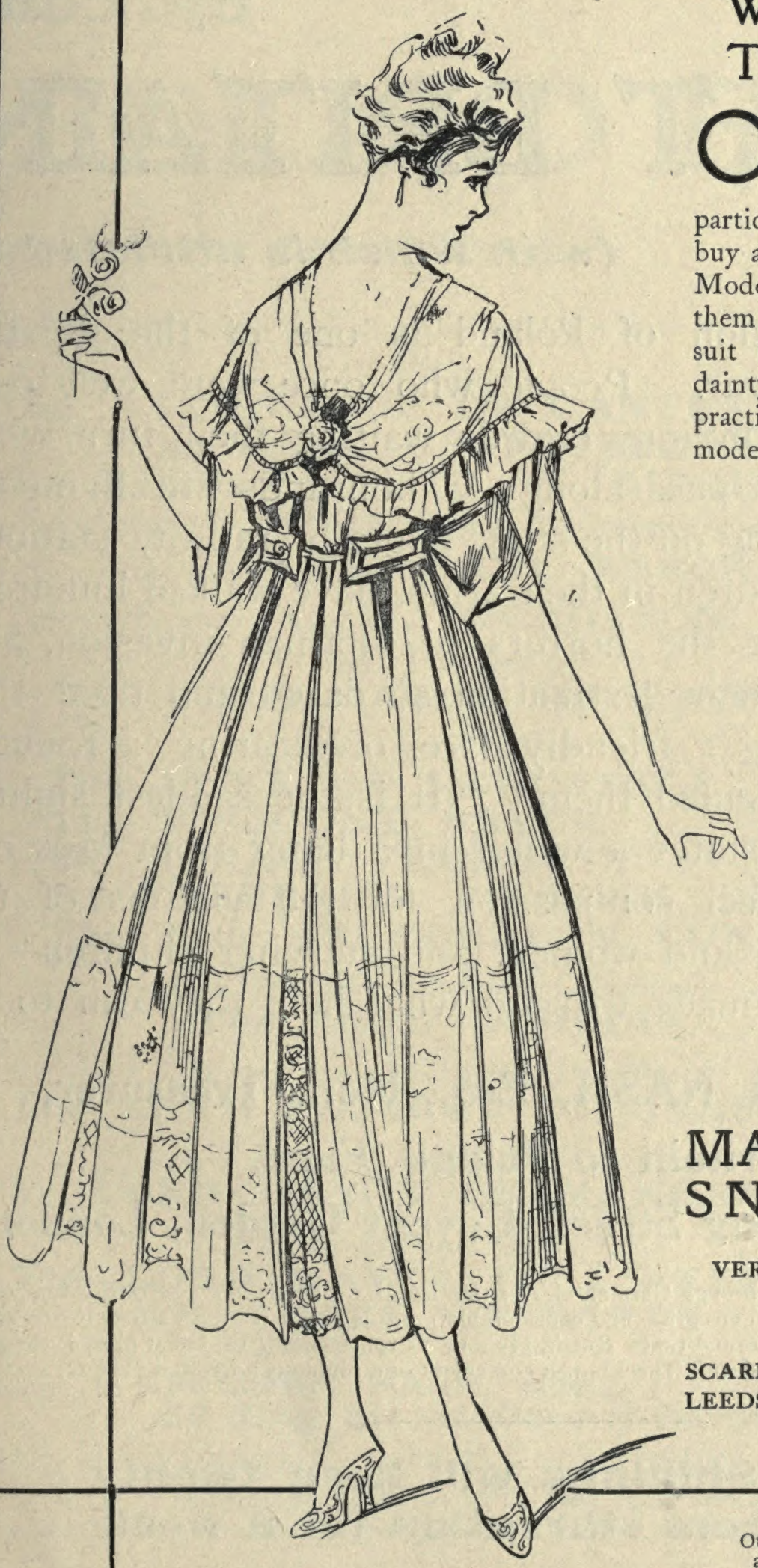
Cheltenham Natural Aperient Water
FROM ALL CHEMISTS - 1/- PER BOTTLE

Nature's own remedy for
Gastric and Hepatic Troubles
Prescribed by the Leading Physicians.
THE FAMOUS BRITISH APERIENT WATER.



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OUR stock of House and Boudoir Wraps, Tea Frocks and Négligés is particularly well assorted. We buy all the most exclusive Paris Models and copy and adapt them in our own workrooms to suit the present demand for dainty, refined, yet thoroughly practical garments at really moderate prices.

Picture Tea Frock, as sketch, made in old world design of crêpe chiffon over fine lace, finished ribbons and Mayfair flowers. In all dainty colourings or black.

Price 98/6

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Our Book of New Tea Frocks and Wrappers posted free.

HELP THE HOMELESS

by contribu

GREAT BRITAIN T

(with which is affiliated the Bri

The devastation of Poland is one of the greatest tragedies of the war. People who once were well-to-do stand in silent, anxious crowds waiting their turn while the soup kitchens pass along. Thousands are living in trucks, and sleeping on the stone floors of railway stations. Women, with children in their arms, have walked hundreds of miles to escape the horrors of German invasion, and have arrived at their destination so dazed and tired that the joy of seeing a friendly face, or hearing a friendly voice, has been denied them. "It is the saddest sight I have ever seen," states a writer in a letter from Moscow, and to all who feel compassion for the victims of the war—broken men and women, and starving children—an earnest appeal is made to send what help they can to

EVELEIGH NASH, Esq., Hon. Treasurer,
Great Britain to Poland Fund,
36 King Street, Covent Garden, London.

N.B.—No contributions pass through German or Austrian hands. The money collected is sent to the Russo-Asiatic Bank in Petrograd, and considerable profit is made on the extremely favourable rate of exchange. In normal times Russia gives us 95 roubles for £10, but at present she gives us over 150 roubles for £10. The English equivalent of a rouble is a fraction over 2/1.

Twenty Shillings will keep twenty people from starvation for a week.

PEOPLE OF POLAND

ing to the

O POLAND FUND

h Moscow Relief Committee).

Committees have been established in all the principal cities of the United Kingdom.

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The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
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" Just a line to congratulate you on your weekly issues since the War began. It is my intention to keep them and bind them. Others may prefer the elaborate pictorial records which are appearing in great numbers, but those who wish for a plain, sane, unvarnished story of the great war week by week told in good, common-sense English can't do better than secure the WEEKLY WESTMINSTER."

For those who wish a weekly review of the operations of the war, together with literary reviews and much matter of general interest, there is no better medium than

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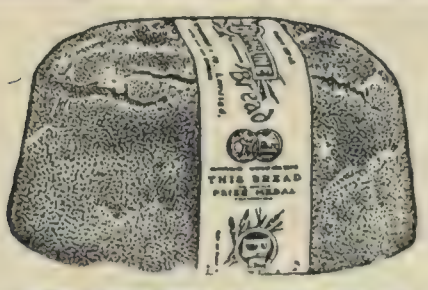

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Write to Bermaline Mills, Ibrox, Glasgow, for name of nearest Bermaline Baker.

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RHEUMATISM, SURGICAL, MENTAL CASES, AND NERVOUS BREAKDOWN TREATED.

Officially recognised by R. A. M. C.

Special Terms to Military Men.

Bell's THREE NUNS Tobacco

"Sweet, when the morn is gray,
Sweet, when they've cleared away
Lunch—and at close of day,
Possibly sweetest."

A Testing Sample will be forwarded on application to Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd., Glasgow

King's Head is stronger
Both sold at 8d. per oz.

THREE NUNS

Cigarettes

MEDIUM . . . . 4d. for 10

477

The Editor Appeals

to his readers to erect an "English Review" Building for the troops behind the firing line in France.

THE National Council of the Y.M.C.A. inform us that an urgent need has arisen for at least another twenty buildings immediately behind the firing line in France, to enable them to extend the great work which they are doing for the comfort of our troops.

Is there any finer gift that we can make to the splendid fellows in the trenches than to give a complete building, to be known as the "English Review" Building, and which will be erected immediately in the rear of the fighting line?

This building, costing £500 to erect and equip, will form a permanent monument on the historic battlefields of France to the gratitude of our readers for the self-sacrifice of our splendid fellows who are daily risking and losing their lives for us.

The need is urgent and the Editor appeals to every reader to give as much as they can afford quickly, so that our building can be erected without delay. It will be the place where the men, tired and fatigued by heavy fighting, can go immediately they leave the trenches, for rest, refreshment, recreation, and to write letters home. Our building will be home from home to these men, it will be the only place where they can go for social companionship, and to forget war for a short time.

Send your gift to the Editor to-day.

He who gives quickly gives twice.

POST THIS TO-DAY.

To the Editor,
"English Review,"
17-21, Tavistock St.,
W.C.

I have pleasure in enclosing £..... towards the "English Review" Y.M.C.A. Building for the Troops behind the firing line in France.

Name.....

Address.....

....

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

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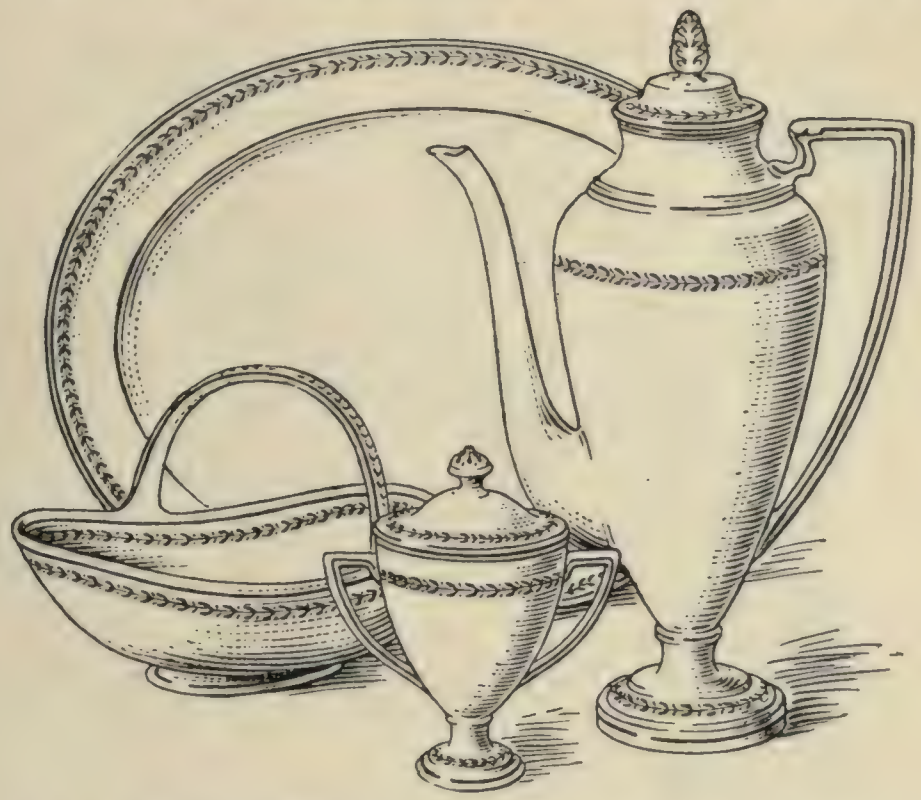
TABLEWARES



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The "Chaplet" Sets

52 piece Breakfast Set	-	*40/-*
54 piece Dinner Set	-	*60/-*
70 piece Dinner Set	-	*90/-*
41 piece Tea Set	- -	*32/6*

Any piece may be bought separately and breakages replaced at any time.

A great variety of beautiful tableware, some of it especially suitable for the country cottage, is on view in the new shop of

HEAL & SON

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD. W.

Summer Comfort.

If you have had trouble and discomfort with the ordinary "stodgy" flannel or chilly linen in the past, the all-round comfort embodied in

Every "Viyella" garment carries a guarantee f replacement should it shrink.

"We got them at the same time—why didn't I buy 'Viyella'?"

"Viyella"

(Regd. Trade Mark).

Shirts and Pyjamas

will be all the more welcome to you. Their delightful softness, lightness and non-irritancy render them ideal for summer wear—besides which they are healthful and always look exceedingly well, whilst from the point of view of serviceability they are extremely durable and will never shrink.

ASK YOUR OUTFITTER TO SHOW YOU PATTERNS IN LIGHT WEIGHT "VIYELLA."

Name and address of your nearest or otherwise suitable "Viyella" Outfitter will be forwarded gladly upon request, together with samples of the material and interesting booklet, "A Material Consideration."

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¶ Everyone should know about this idea.

¶ It means much to everyone who works—whether in commerce or the professions—much to his wife, much to the children.

¶ It means better health, less labour in the kitchen, and a staying of the rot which seems to have set in as regards the children's health, and their teeth in particular.

¶ It means constructive economy as contrasted with sham impoverishing economy.

¶ It is the "P.R." idea, and it is perfectly sound and scientific. You can find out all about it by sending 9d. in stamps to The Wallace P.R. Foods Co., Ltd., 48, Tottenham Lane, Hornsey, London, N. In return you will receive a budget of practical information and a box of delicious samples of "True Economy Foods." Or if you wish to make a fuller and more satisfactory test, send 5s. for our Special Trial Parcel. It is an eye-opener and may easily be the means of making a great difference to you and your whole household in the future.

THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

JULY, 1916

On Receipt of a Phial of Morphia

By Stephen Southwold

To sip, and sleep and dream; to drink, and die.
Thou god thrice-coronalled whose votaries
Pass no long nights upon stone-fretted knees—
Pallid renunciants. 'Tis ours to fly
Beyond this cage roofed by the maddening sky
With burning birds above fresh-blossoming trees,
Challenge the sun, abash the stars, and seize
The inmost shrine where Pain's young vestals sigh.
So am I stronger than earth's Kings; more wise
Than chanting and book-learnèd priests; yea, more
Aloof than Luna. Greater than death who needs
Must come when I shall beckon. Thro' this door
Veiled destiny may stare, but in my eyes
Sleep visions of the last of all the creeds.

"I Have No Ring"

By Bernard Gilbert

I WATCH and listen with a dreadful fear,
I wait and long and tremble in a breath;
Though he is gone to fight, yet is he near;
I have him always though he meet with Death:
In the lone night time when my eyes are dim
I cry with terror, yet my heart will sing;
I long, I long with sickness, yet with dread:
My fear is double—more, far more, for him
Who not yet lives than he who may be dead:
I carry that which masters everything:
And yet—to have his face and not his name—
To be so loved, so longed for, yet—my shame!
Gladness and dread alike my love to sting. . . .
I bear his burden—but—I have no ring.

The Vine in Blossom

(*From the French of* ANDRÉ THEURIET)

By Wilfrid Thorley

ALONG the vines the blossoms thrive,
To-night just twenty years are mine. . . .
Ah! but it's good to be alive
And feel the veins that seethe and strive
Like the crushed grape that turns to wine.

My brain's with idle thoughts a-brim;
I wander in a tipsy swoon;
I run and drink the air I skim . . .
Is it the draught that pricks my whim,
Or blossom on the vine-festoon?

But ah! what odour freights the air
From out the clusters of the vine . . .
Ah! had I but the heart to dare
Clasp something . . . someone . . . anywhere . . .
Within these wanton arms of mine!

I fleet, as fearful as a fawn,
Beneath the loaded trellises;
I lay me amid blade and awn,
And on the bramble-shaded lawn
I taste the wild red raspberries.

And to my lips that pant in drouth
It seems as though a kiss were blown
On breezes from the tender south;
As though a soft and scented mouth
Moved down to mingle with my own.

O strange delight, O stranger dearth!
O! tendrils of the vine about,
O! blossoms trailing in your mirth,
Is Love still roaming on the earth,
And how may lovers find him out?

The Secret

(*From the French of* HENRI DE RÉGNIER)

By Wilfrid Thorley

If thou wouldst speak unto my grief, be wary;
  Seek not to know wherefore she doth so weep,
Nor why her gaze is downcast and most chary
  And ever on the flow'rless way doth keep.

To ease her pain, her silence and her sorrow
  Tempt not benumbed forgetfulness to show
The shapes of some lost love or pride or morrow
  Whose visage bears the shade of long ago.

With speech of sun and trees and fountains woo her
  Of light-filled seas and shady woods at rest
Wherefrom the sky draws up the wan moon to her,
  And all fair things whereby wide eyes are blest.

Tell her how in the spring the rose blooms gladly,
  And gently take her two hands and so sigh:
The only memory whereof none feel sadly
  Is shape and sound of beauteous things gone by.

The White-faced Decticus[1]

By Henri Fabre

The White-faced Decticus (*D. albifrons, Fabr.*) stands at the head of the Grasshopper clan in my district, both as a singer and as an insect of imposing presence. He has a grey costume, a pair of powerful mandibles and a broad ivory face. Without being plentiful, he does not let himself be sought in vain. In the height of summer we find him hopping in the long grass, especially at the foot of the sunny rocks where the turpentine-tree takes root.

At the end of July I start a Decticus-menagerie in a big wire-gauze cage standing on a bed of sifted earth. The population numbers a dozen; and both sexes are equally represented.

The question of victuals perplexes me for some time. It seems as though the regulation diet ought to be a vegetable one, to judge by the Locust, who consumes any green thing. I therefore offer my captives the tastiest and tenderest green stuff that my enclosure holds : leaves of lettuce, chicory and corn-salad. The Dectici scarcely touch it with a contemptuous tooth. It is not the food for them.

Perhaps something tough would suit their strong mandibles better. I try various Graminaceæ, including the glaucous panic-grass, a weed that infests the fields after the harvest. The panic-grass is accepted by the hungry ones, but it is not the leaves that they devour : they attack only the ears, of which they crunch the still tender seeds with visible satisfaction. The food is found, at least for the time being.

In the morning, when the rays of the sun visit the cage placed in the window of my study, I serve out the day's ration, a sheaf of green ears of the common grass picked outside my door. The Dectici come running up and, very peaceably, without quarrelling among themselves, dig with

[1] Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Copyright U.S.A. 1916, by Dodd, Mead & Co. All rights reserved.

their mandibles between the bristles of the spikes to extract and nibble the unripe seeds. Their costume makes one think of a flock of Guinea-fowl pecking the grain scattered by the farmer's wife. When the ears are robbed of their tender seeds, the rest is scorned, however urgent the claims of hunger may be.

To break the monotony of the diet as much as is possible in these dog-days, when everything is burnt up, I gather a thick-leaved, fleshy plant which is not too sensitive to the summer heat. This is the common purslane, another invader of our garden-beds. The new green stuff meets with a good reception; and once again the Dectici dig their teeth not into the leaves and the juicy stalks, but only into the swollen capsules of half-formed grains.

This taste for tender seeds surprises me: *δηκτικός*, biting, fond of biting, the lexicon tells us. A name that expresses nothing, a mere identification-number, is able to satisfy the nomenclator; in my opinion, if the name possesses a characteristic meaning and at the same time sounds well, it is all the better for it. Such is the case here. The Decticus is eminently an insect given to biting. Mind your finger if the sturdy Grasshopper gets hold of it: he will rip it till the blood comes. And can this powerful jaw possess no other function than to chew soft grains? Can a mill like this have only to grind small, unripe seeds? Something has escaped me. So well-armed with mandibular pincers, so well-endowed with masticatory muscles that swell out his cheeks, the Decticus must cut up some leathery prey.

This time I find the real diet, the fundamental, if not the exclusive one. Some good-sized Locusts, let into the cage, are promptly pounced upon. A few Grasshoppers are also accepted, but not so readily. There is every reason to think that, if I had had the luck to capture them, the entire Locust and Grasshopper family would have met with the same fate, provided that they were not too insignificant in size.

Any fresh meat tasting of Locust and Grasshopper suits my ogres. The most frequent victim is the Blue-winged Locust. There is a deplorably large consumption of this species in the cage. This is how things happen: as soon as the game is introduced, an uproar ensues in the mess-

room, especially if the Dectici have been fasting for some time. They stamp about and, hampered by their long shanks, dart forward clumsily; the Locusts make desperate bounds, rush to the top of the cage and there hang on, out of the reach of the Dectici, who are too stout to climb so high. Some are seized at once, as soon as they enter. The others, who have taken refuge up in the dome, are only postponing for a little while the fate that awaits them. Their turn will come; and that soon. Either because they are tired or because they are tempted by the green stuff below, they will come down; and the Dectici will be after them immediately.

Speared by the hunter's forelegs, the game is first wounded in the neck. It is always there, behind the head, that the Locust's shell cracks first of all; it is always there that the Decticus probes persistently before releasing his hold and taking his subsequent meals off whatever joint he chooses.

It is a very judicious bite. The Locust is hard to kill. Even when beheaded, he goes on hopping. I have seen some who, though half-eaten, kicked out desperately and succeeded, with a supreme effort, in releasing themselves and jumping away. In the brushwood, that would have been so much lost game.

The Decticus seems to know all about it. To overcome his prey, so prompt to escape by means of its two powerful levers, and to render it helpless as quickly as possible, he first munches and extirpates the cervical ganglia, the main seat of innervation. Is this an accident, in which the assassin's choice plays no part? No, for I see the murder performed invariably in the same way when the prey is in possession of its full strength. And again no, because, when the Locust is offered in the form of a fresh corpse, or when he is weak, dying, incapable of defence, the attack is made anywhere, at the first spot that presents itself to the assailant's jaws. In such cases the Decticus begins either with a haunch, the favourite morsel, or with the belly, back or chest. The preliminary bite in the neck is reserved for difficult occasions. This Grasshopper, therefore, despite his dull intellect, possesses the art of killing scientifically; but with him it is a rude art, falling within the knacker's rather than the anatomist's domain.

Two or three Blue-winged Locusts are none too much for a Decticus' daily ration. Everything goes down, except the wings and wing-cases, which are disdained as too tough. In addition, there is a snack of tender millet-grains stolen every now and again to make a change from the banquet of game. They are big eaters, are my boarders; they surprise me with their gormandising and even more with their easy change from an animal to a vegetable diet.

With their accommodating and anything but particular stomachs, they could render some slight service to agriculture, if there were more of them. They destroy the Locusts, many of whom, even in our fields, are of ill-fame; and they nibble, amid the unripe corn, the seeds of a number of plants which are obnoxious to the husbandman.

But the Decticus' claim to the honours of the vivarium rests upon something much better than his feeble assistance in preserving the fruits of the earth : in his song, his nuptials and his habits we have a memorial of the remotest times.

How did the insect's ancestors live, in the palæozoic age? They had their crude and uncouth side, banished from the better-proportioned fauna of to-day; we catch a vague glimpse of habits now almost out of use. It is unfortunate for our curiosity that the fossil remains are silent on this magnificent subject.

Luckily we have one resource left, that of consulting the successors of the prehistoric insects. There is reason to believe that their latter-day descendants have retained an echo of the ancient customs and can tell us something of the manners of olden time. Let us begin by questioning the Decticus.

In the vivarium the sated herd are lying on their bellies in the sun and blissfully digesting their food, giving no other sign of life than a gentle oscillation of the antennæ. It is the hour of the after-dinner nap, the hour of enervating heat. From time to time a male gets up, strolls solemnly about, raises his wing-cases slightly and utters an occasional *tick-tick*. Then he becomes more animated, hurries the pace of his tune and ends by grinding out the finest piece in his *répertoire*.

Is he celebrating his wedding? Is his song an epithalamium? I will make no such statement, for his success is poor if he is really making an appeal to his fair neigh-

bours. Not one of his group of hearers gives a sign of attention. Not a female stirs, not one moves from her comfortable place in the sun. Sometimes the solo becomes a concerted piece sung by two or three in chorus. The multiple invitation succeeds no better. True, their impassive ivory faces give no indication of their real feelings. If the suitors' ditty indeed exercises any sort of seduction, no outward sign betrays the fact.

According to all appearances, the clicking is addressed to heedless ears. It rises in a passionate crescendo until it becomes a continuous rattle. It ceases when the sun vanishes behind a cloud; it starts all over again when the sun reappears; but it leaves the ladies indifferent.

She who was lying with her shanks outstretched on the blazing sand, does not change her position: her antennary threads give not a quiver more and not a quiver less; she who was gnawing the remains of a Locust does not let go the morsel, does not lose a mouthful. To look at those heartless ones, you would really say that the singer was making a noise for the mere pleasure of feeling himself alive.

It is a very different matter when, towards the end of August, I witness the commencement of the wedding. The couple find themselves standing face to face quite casually, without any lyrical prelude whatever. Motionless, as though turned to stone, their foreheads almost touching, they exchange caresses with their long antennæ, fine as hairs. The male seems somewhat preoccupied. He washes his tarsi; with the tips of his mandibles he tickles the soles of his feet. From time to time he gives a stroke of the bow: *tick;* no more. Yet one would think that this was the very moment at which to make the most of his strong points. Why not declare his flame in a fond couplet, instead of standing there, scratching his feet? Not a bit of it. He remains silent in front of the coveted bride, herself impassive.

The interview, a mere exchange of greetings between friends of different sexes, does not last long. What do they say to each other, forehead to forehead? Not much, apparently, for soon they separate with nothing further; and each goes his way where he pleases.

Next day, the same two meet again. This time, the

song, though still very brief, is in a louder key than on the day before, while being still very far from the burst of sound to which the Decticus will give utterance long before the pairing. For the rest, it is a repetition of what I saw yesterday: mutual caresses with the antennæ, which limply pat the well-rounded sides.

The male does not seem greatly enraptured. He again nibbles his foot and seems to be reflecting. Alluring though the enterprise may be, it is perhaps not unattended with danger. Can there be a nuptial tragedy impending? Can the business be exceptionally grave? Have patience and you shall see. For the moment, nothing more happens.

A few days later, a little light is thrown upon the subject. The male is underneath, lying flat on the sand and towered over by his powerful spouse, who, with the sabre of her ovipositor exposed, standing high on her hind-legs, overwhelms him with her embrace. No, indeed: in this posture the poor Decticus has nothing of the victor about him! The other, brutally, without respecting the musical-box, is forcing open his wing-cases and nibbling his flesh just where the belly begins.

Which of the two takes the initiative here? Have not the parts been reversed? She who is usually provoked is now the provoker, employing rude caresses capable of carrying off the morsel touched. She has not yielded to him; she has thrust herself upon him, disturbingly, imperiously. He, lying flat on the ground, quivers and starts, seems trying to resist. What outrageous thing is about to happen? I shall not know to-day. The floored male releases himself and runs away.

But this time, at last, we have it. Master Decticus is on the ground, tumbled over on his back. Hoisted to the full height of her shanks, the other, holding her sabre almost perpendicular, covers her prostrate mate from a distance. The two ventral extremities curve into a hook, seek each other, meet; and soon from the male's convulsive loins there is seen to issue, in painful labour, something monstrous and unheard-of, as though the creature were expelling its entrails in a lump.

It is an opalescent bag, similar in size and colour to a mistletoe-berry, a bag with four pockets marked off by faint grooves, two larger ones above and two smaller ones below.

In certain cases the number of cells increases; and the whole assumes the appearance of a packet of eggs such as *Helix aspersa*, the Common Snail, lays in the ground.

The strange concern remains hanging from the lower end of the sabre of the future mother, who solemnly retires with the extraordinary wallet, the spermatophore, as the physiologists call it, the source of life for the ovules, in other words, the cruet which will now, in due course, transmit to the proper place the necessary complement for the evolution of the germs.

When the male has recovered from his shock, he shakes the dust off himself and once more begins his merry click-clack. For the present let us leave him to his joys and follow the mother that is to be, pacing along solemnly with her burden, which is fastened with a plug of jelly as transparent as glass.

At intervals she draws herself up on her shanks, curls into a ring, and seizes her opalescent load in her mandibles, nibbling it calmly and squeezing it, but without tearing the wrapper or shedding any of the contents. Each time, she removes from the surface a particle which she chews and then chews again slowly, ending by swallowing it.

This proceeding goes on for twenty minutes or so. Then the capsule, now drained, is torn off in a single piece, all but the jelly plug at the end. The huge, sticky mass is not let go for a moment, but is munched, ground and kneaded by the insect's mandibles and at last gulped down whole.

At first I looked upon the horrible banquet as no more than an individual aberration, an accident: the Decticus' behaviour was so extraordinary; no other instance of it was known to me. But I have had to yield to the evidence of the facts. Four times in succession I surprised my captives dragging their wallet; and four times I saw them soon tear it, work at it solemnly with their mandibles for hours on end and finally gulp it down. It is therefore the rule: when its contents have reached their destination, the fertilising capsule, possibly a powerful stimulant, an unparalleled dainty, is chewed, enjoyed and swallowed.

When the Decticus has finished her strange feast, the end of the apparatus still remains in its place, the end whose most visible part consists of two crystalline nipples

the size of peppercorns. To rid itself of this plug, the insect assumes a curious attitude. The ovipositor is driven half-way into the earth, perpendicularly. That will be the prop. The long hind-legs straighten out, raise the creature as high as possible and form a tripod with the sabre.

Then the insect again curves itself into a complete circle and, with its mandibles, crumbles to atoms the end of the apparatus, consisting of a plug of clearest jelly. All these remnants are scrupulously swallowed. Not a scrap must be lost. Lastly, the ovipositor is washed, wiped, smoothed with the tips of the palpi. Everything is put in order again; nothing remains of the cumbrous load. The normal pose is resumed, and the insect goes back to its pilfering of the ears of millet.

To return to the male. Limp and exhausted, as though shattered by his exploit, he remains where he is, all shrivelled and shrunk. He is so motionless that I believe him dead. Not a bit of it! The gallant fellow recovers his spirits, picks himself up, polishes himself and goes off. A quarter of an hour later, when he has taken a few mouthfuls, behold him stridulating once more. The tune is certainly lacking in spirit. It is far from being as brilliant or prolonged as it used to be before the wedding; but, after all, the poor old crock is doing his best.

Can he have any further amorous pretensions? It is hardly likely. Affairs of that kind, calling for ruinous expenditure, are not to be repeated: it would be too much for the works of the organism. Nevertheless, next day and every day after, when a diet of Locusts has duly renewed his strength, the Decticus scrapes his bow as noisily as ever. He might be the novice instead of a glutted veteran. His persistence surprises me.

If he really sings to attract the attention of his fair neighbours, what would he do with a second wife, he who has just extracted from his paunch a monstrous wallet in which all life's savings were accumulated? He is thoroughly used up. No, once more, in the big Grasshopper these things are too costly to be done all over again. To-day's song, despite its gladness, is certainly no epithalamium.

And, if you watch him closely, you will see that the singer no longer responds to the teasing of the passers'

antennæ. The ditties become fainter from day to day, and occur less frequently. In a fortnight the insect is dumb. The dulcimer no longer sounds for lack of vigour in the player.

At last the decrepit Decticus, who now scarcely touches food, seeks a peaceful retreat, sinks to the ground exhausted, stretches out his shanks in a last throe and dies. As it happens, the widow passes that way, sees the deceased and, breathing eternal remembrance, gnaws off one of his thighs.

War Vignettes

By Bridget MacLagan

Bombardment

The wide, sweet heaven was filling with light. The perfect dome of night was changing into day. A million silver worlds dissolved from above the earth. The sun was about to rise in stillness. No wind stirred.

A speck appeared in the great immensity. It was an aeroplane travelling high through the mysterious twilight. The sound of the whirring of its engine was lost in the depthless air. Like a ghost it flew through the impalpable firmament. It was the only thing that moved in heaven or earth.

The unconscious map lay spread out beneath it. The wide plain, the long white beach, and the sea lay there exposed to its speeding eye.

On the face of the plain were villages and cities, the dwellings of men who had put their trust in the heavens and had dared to people the earth.

The aeroplane turned in the sky and began circling over a town.

The town far below was asleep. It lay pillowed on the secure shore. Violet shadows lurked in the recesses of its buildings. There was no movement in its streets, no smoke from its chimneys. The ships lay still in the deep, close harbour. Their masts rose out of the green water like reeds thickly growing with the great funnels and turrets of warships like strange plants among them. The sea beyond the strong breakwater was smooth as a silver plate. There was no sound anywhere.

The aeroplane descended, in slow spirals, upon the town, tracing an invisible path through the pearly air. It was as if a ghost or a messenger from Heaven were descending upon the people of the town, who dreamed.

Suddenly a scream burst from the throat of the church tower. For an instant the sky seemed to shiver with the shriek of that wail of terror rising from the great throat of solid masonry. It was as if the town had awakened in panic, and yet the town was still. Nothing stirred. There was no sound or movement in any street. And the sky gave back no sign.

The aeroplane continued to descend until it looked, from the church tower, like a mosquito. Then there dropped something from it that flashed through the air like a spark of fire.

Silence had followed the scream.

The aeroplane, superbly poised in the spotless sky, watched the buildings below as if waiting for some strange thing to happen, and presently, as if exorcised by the magic eye of that insect, a cluster of houses collapsed and crumbled into fragments, while a roar burst from the wounded earth.

The bombardment had commenced. The big gun had obeyed the signal.

Still the neat surface of the wide city showed no change save in that one spot where roofs had fallen. The daylight brightened, painting the many surfaces of the buildings with pale colours. The clean, empty streets intersecting cut the city into firm blocks of buildings. The pattern of the town lay spread out on the earth with its edges marked by walls and canals.

Then the siren in the church tower screamed again. Its wail was followed by the great detonation of a second explosion, and a ragged hole yawned in the open square in the middle of the town.

The aeroplane circled smoothly, watching.

Terror appeared on the face of the city. People swarmed like ants from the houses. This way and that they scurried, diving into cellars. Motors rushed like swift beetles through the streets. White jets of steam rose from the locomotives in the station-yard. The harbour throbbed.

Again there was a great noise, and a cloud of debris was flung into the air as from a volcano and flames leapt after it. A part of the wharf, with the shed on it, reeled drunkenly into the sea with a splashing of water.

The white beach now was crawling with vermin. People

swarmed out on to the sands. Their eyes were fixed on that evil flying thing in the sky, but at each explosion they fell on their faces, like frantic worshippers.

The aeroplane laughed. The heavens had been violated.

In the sand dunes it could see the tiny black figures of men at the anti-aircraft guns. These were the defenders of the town. They had orders to shoot to death a mosquito floating in boundless heaven. The little clouds that shaped as the shrapnel burst in the sunlight were like materialised kisses.

The face of the city began to show a curious change. Scars appeared on it like the marks of smallpox; but, as these thickened on its trim surface, it seemed rather as if it were being attacked by an invisible and gigantic beast, who was tearing and gnawing—with claws and with teeth. Gashes appeared in its streets, long wounds with ragged edges. Helpless, spread out to the heavens, it seemed to grimace with mutilated features.

Nevertheless, the sun rose, touching the aeroplane with gold, and the aeroplane laughed. It laughed at the convulsed face of the town, at the beach crawling with vermin, at the people swarming through the gates of the city along the white roads. It laughed at the great warships, moving out of the harbour, one by one in stately procession, the mouths of their guns gaping helplessly in their armoured sides. With a last flick of its glittering wings it darted downward, defiant, dodging the kisses of shrapnel, luring them, teasing them, playing; then, its message delivered, its sport being over, it flew up and away through the sunshine, golden, disdainful.

It disappeared. Just a speck in an infinite sky, then nothing, and a town was left in convulsions.

Rousbrugge

Ypres in ruins? Well, what of it? The Cloth Hall with holes in it, the streets choked with refuse, rows of broken walls sticking out of the ground like decayed teeth —all that rubbish moved you, did it? Oh, I grant you it's a sight like Pompeii and as dull. What is there of

interest in a thing that's done for, a town or a human being? No more interest than dead flies—not in war time. Any soldier knows what a twelve-inch shell can do. Some hundred of them dropped on Ypres. That's all——

But look at Rousbrugge, my own village—there's a drama, there's a play without an ending. Call it the affair of Rousbrugge and the General. He's still there, and so's the village, that's the point. The place has not been murdered as was Ypres, its showy sister—merely raped by its allies.

There she is, my village, just a straggling line of houses lying along a field in Flanders, with a windmill at one end. The Yser, meandering through green fields, cuts across the single street of cobbles. From the bridge you have a view, sweet and pleasant, wide green stretches, graceful trees, tall and quiet, cattle standing.

The Germans came within eight miles. There we held them. I was glad for the old people and the children of the place, who could stay there in their houses, smoke their pipes, scrub their floors, and say their prayers, war or no war, just the same, though the guns did go on pounding over yonder, past the hedges.

They had faith, these folk, so they stayed there all untroubled—tilled their fields and fed their chickens, watched us from their dusky doorways smiling as we marched along down the road to the trenches.

Just an ordinary village, but it caught the General's eye. Poor, stupid place, with its church, its cafés, its brewery, its burgomaster—it was proud and self-respecting. You'll admit that a village—even the smallest, if it gives life to its people—draws produce from the fields around it, makes beer and trades with cities, has a right to self-respect. Rousbrugge had its inner life, just as every stolid peasant has a soul. It loved itself, that is, its people. It trusted in its burgomaster, watched him with contentment as he drove round in his phaeton, behind the white horse that he'd raised as a colt from old Jan Steinsen's mare.

Funny, how they stayed so quiet. Seemed as if they all were deaf to the guns and to the rumours. Wonderful to see them ploughing, pulling cabbages and turnips, scarcely noticing the soldiers streaming through the golden

cornfields. Went on minding their own business just as if nothing had happened. Liège, Louvain, Brussels, Antwerp—nothing mattered; and the windmill waved its arms in benediction over what was left of Belgium.

Then came the General with his Frenchmen. There was nothing here to please him, no promise, no attraction, but he chose it as headquarters, just because it was so mean, too mean to be bombarded.

Unseemliness was thus the basis of this business.

I sound angry. Well, the General is a noble. He's superb. He's all one dreams of as a Commander of an army. Ermine and a crown would suit him, but without them he is gorgeous. Given the Palace of the Louvre to reign in, or the field of Waterloo to die on, well and good, but the Rousbrugge schoolhouse for a dwelling, with the Yser river stinking underneath its dingy windows and the Belgian cattle dropping dung upon its doorstep? No, it was indecent.

Rousbrugge, nevertheless, was flattered by the coming of the General. It watched from every little window, every crouching, crowded doorway, as his limousine manœuvred through the carts of hay and fodder.

Poor thing—how could the village know they would take it for their uses, wipe it off the map and hide it underneath a maze of numbers, military hieroglyphics, Postal Sector, twenty-seven, H.Q. of the 36th? This is its address. So the price of its importance was its own humiliation, and the village was ignored by those sinister officials who found sustenance and comfort for the business of destruction in its warm and humble bosom.

But the coming of the army was too stunning a performance to be understood by Rousbrugge. All those Colonels, Majors, Captains, all that gallant blue and scarlet, all the noise, the grinding, shrieking, hooting motors, and the clinking of all that money, how could Rousbrugge keep its head? Well, it didn't——

If you'd known the place as I did, if you'd known the people of it, you would understand what happened. What I tell you sounds like nothing.

I remember summer evenings when the homely street was empty, dim lights shone through placid windows, perfumed winds came from the fields. I remember meeting

Germaine by the bridge across the Yser, and how she smiled, her round cheeks glowing, then took me home to have a glass with her father in the café while the farmers played at cards in a corner, white chairs tilted on the stone floor that she scrubbed so briskly.

Germaine's like the best of Rousbrugge. She was simple, kind, and willing. We who lived there found her pleasant as the cool beer on her counter, and we took her as she took us, loved quite honestly her body that was strong and had a beauty. There were not so many of us that she couldn't make us happy and go on with her scrubbing, singing, too, in the morning.

When the army came it found her. She was pliable and docile.

So—the village.

The other day, when I went back there, I found the place a seething bedlam. In the square beyond the schoolhouse stood a hundred waiting motors. Up the street a train came puffing past the windmill and the church to the market, where it stopped, disgorging food for guns and soldiers. Smoke and dust, the smell of petrol, hurrying figures, rushing motors, ambulances, motor lorries, wagons full of meat or timber, motor cycles whizzing, stinking, coffins carried by on shoulders—all this in our sleepy village.

But more curious than the motors and the noise and the confusion was the aspect of the houses. There was something swollen, silly, about that double line of dwellings. Half the hovels showed shop-windows crowded with a mass of objects—razors, pipes, and tins of victuals, caps, and boots, and whips, and towels, bottles, boxes of all sizes, English labels staring at you. Other houses, once close-curtained, sported now the signs of café, doors were open, swinging careless into steaming-hot interiors where one heard the clink of glasses. And the burgomaster's villa, standing back behind a railing, bore a flag above its doorway, where a Gendarme stood important.

What I didn't see I gathered in a half-an-hour's gossip. My old friends were coining money. The brewery sold its extra water at a price to make you wonder. Ancient stables, quite too filthy, now were let for Generals' horses. And the grave-digger was happy—sixty yellow wooden

crosses marked off just a week of labour in the little stagnant churchyard. Wounded men died in the station every day—so they told me.

Later on I looked for Germaine. Found her up a narrow stairway—champagne bottles on the table—and I found she'd learned her lesson. Only officers admitted to the room where we had loved her.

Maybe it was there I saw it, all the queerness I've been telling. Rising from beside her body, that was now so much more potent, charged now with the lust of strangers, I looked through the little window down on to a stream of motors. Like a noisy, stinking serpent it came writhing through the village, flinging dust into the houses—dust and germs of greed and sickness.

Then I paid my bill and left her to the General's horde of Frenchmen.

Ireland at the Cross Roads

After Thirteen Years

By Filson Young

In the book with the above title that was published thirteen years ago I ventured to assert that the problem of Ireland was a psychological problem, and that any attempt to solve it on any other basis was doomed to failure. Everything that has happened since then has strengthened and confirmed that opinion. Through the thin crust of political Government the fires of discontent, disloyalty, and vague, wrong-headed patriotic heroics have broken out in a way to cause the maximum of danger and discredit to England. Upon this we have the rush of politicians to the scene; Mr. Redmond, Sir Edward Carson, hastily take counsel with their followers. Mr. Asquith hurries over to see, in the form of bricks and mortar, flesh and blood, what he sees and feels much more clearly in the forms of votes and influence; Mr. Lloyd George, that great incendiary turned salvage man, is sent to turn his jets of talk on the conflagration and produce a compromise. Being a politician and vote-broker on a large scale, he immediately produces an apparently satisfactory settlement—in terms of votes and talking-seats.

In short, another juggle is attempted with the political situation; but the problem of Irish psychology remains. By a psychological problem I mean that in administering the affairs of Ireland it is necessary first of all to recognise what is essentially Irish and to separate it from all subsidiary complications, however acute. For if you are born and live in Ireland you are an Irishman first, and a Nationalist or an Orangeman, a Catholic or a Presbyterian, a Sinn Féiner or an Imperialist, a Redmondite or a Carsonite afterwards. Among ourselves we vehemently disagree and are sharply divided; we accuse one another of being Scots, English,

Irish, rebel, loyal, elect or damned; but to the rest of the world we are all simply Irish, so definite and characteristic are the qualities in which we differ from other people. And to attempt to deal from the outside with our internal differences otherwise than on the basis of qualities which we have in common is to make, as I think, the first mistake; and to keep Ireland halting at the cross roads, not of meeting, but of divergence.

What are the qualities common to the people of Ireland? First, I would put the virtues: Enthusiasm, imagination, idealism, insight, sympathy, courage, a capacity for reverence, the spirit of hope and faith in what we believe to be good or desirable. Then come two qualities which, although they add salt to life and keep it interesting, are not of uniform advantage in material affairs: The sense of humour, and the capacity—sometimes fatal—for seeing both sides of a question. Both these qualities are highly developed in the Irish; but, curiously enough, they are both of them a little late in asserting themselves; they are at their strongest just after we have made (without their aid) a false move. Thirdly, Irishmen of every kind have in common a certain instability of judgment. Often wise and discerning in the affairs of others, we are liable to weakness and prejudice in judgment of our own affairs. We may be wise for others, but are unwise for ourselves. In the objective employment of our faculties we are strong; in their subjective employment, weak. We are greedy of the whole of life, and therefore untenacious of any part of it. The grasp is wide and generous, but it is often loose. Further, there is in the Irishman no very great passion for abstract truth; rather, I would say, for relative, and sometimes for merely convenient truth. And there is the inevitable complement of the sanguine temperament—a liability to fits of black depression and discouragement; to sudden letting go of things and saying, "What's the use?" There are other virtues and faults which are characteristic of different divisions of the people of Ireland, but those which I have stated are broadly common to them all. We may sum them up by saying that in individualism lies our strength and our weakness.

All these qualities can be plainly read in the things that Irish people do, as distinguished from the things that

are done to or for them. But I would ask those who are now looking depressedly at Ireland not to be discouraged by them. I am convinced that they are not nearly as indicative of the true state of Ireland as they seem to be; and that this late miserable and indeed shameful affair is something that, so far as the shame of it is concerned, has happened to England much more than to Ireland. For truly the Irish difficulty has been steadily disappearing for the last ten years. Just two years ago I made a comprehensive tour in the West and South of Ireland, going chiefly among the dairy farmers of those parts. The Home Rule controversy was at its height in England, and, of course, in certain parts of Ireland; but here, among the discontented, among those who really had made the Irish problem, it had sunk to a very secondary importance in their eyes. They were settled at last as proprietors on the land; the acres they were farming were their own, they were much more deeply interested in questions of co-operation, credit, dry sillage and creamery management than in the question of Home Rule. Of course, they did not say so in many words, or admit that any question could be more important than the political one; but that is where the difference between abstract and relative truth comes in; the fact was potent in the whole direction and activity of their lives. They had really crossed their Jordan as it were in the night, in their sleep, although they did not know it: and were already exploring the meadows of the Promised Land.

Who are the men who have done really most for Ireland? Not her strongest men. Perhaps the two representatives of what is strongest to-day in Ireland (not what is most violent) are Mr. Redmond and Sir Edward Carson; but their strength has hitherto not been a constructive strength. Our strength goes to warfare within ourselves, and keeps us ever restless, dissatisfied and unvictorious. To go back to my first point, our strength and our strong men are busy with our differences and not with our unities—just as an enemy would be. If Germany, instead of falsely and insidiously pretending to be a friend of Ireland, had come openly as the enemy she is, do you think there would have been any differences in Dublin or fratricide in her streets? It would be one certain way of producing a united front.

But England is not, and can never be, an enemy of Ireland; and so can never unite her by these means. The miserable contest of English political parties will never settle our domestic differences, nor can a united Ireland ever be a prize for either side in that poor game. But—and here is the true ground for encouragement and hope—the basis of peace and contentment has already been established, and those who have had the sense to recognise it have long been building upon it. Peasant proprietorship was not enough, although it was necessary as a beginning. A new kind of idealism, inculcated by an idealist, was also necessary. An ideal of co-operation had to supplant the suspicious individualism of the peasant mind. That ideal has been inculcated, fostered, and developed with infinite patience and pains. Mr. Gerald Balfour has never got due recognition for having had the insight to recognise and the courage to further the principle on which alone the Irish problem could ultimately be settled, although he will surely receive it in the future. He is gone from any part in Irish affairs; but a far greater influence than his still remains—an influence which, if rightly used at this juncture and in the immediate future, would materially help the Government along the right lines of settlement. I firmly believe that when the history of our time in Ireland comes to be written the name of Horace Plunkett will stand higher than any other. Often foiled in his efforts, often discouraged, his hurrying idealism forced back and back to the very roots and seed-like elements of things, sometimes unwise, sometimes misled, he and the band of workers who have gradually gathered round him have really been achieving. They have not worked at the outward hulls of government, but at the inner springs of the Irish character. Many of them obscure men, priests, ministers, farmers, small officials, humble workers and helpers, they have nevertheless been silently *building*, while others have been valiantly, but on the whole destructively, fighting. On the political side men like Lord Dunraven have also been working for a common-sense solution which should be based not on differences, but on things in common. Again, not the strongest men; not politicians, not fighters, not even inspired or profoundly devoted men, but men who have seen the truth, and with such voice as they had, proclaimed it in season and out of

season. Dealing with the matter in political terms, and necessarily standing outside political parties and without the use of political machinery, theirs have hitherto been voices crying in the wilderness; as all voices that proclaim the truth must for a time be. Their lines, however, are lines that the political mind can grasp and understand; lines which the political mind will now do well to examine and follow, if it can find the courage to admit that its own lines have hitherto been of a kind that lead to no finality: straight lines, perhaps, but lines which, being produced ever so far both ways, do not meet.

Surely, if there is any grain of truth in these observations—and they represent a view that is far from being original or peculiar to me—the true wisdom with regard to Ireland is to consult the builders rather than the fighters and to proceed on the lines which alone have hitherto produced, or shown any promise of producing, some desirable result in the form of material prosperity and contentment. When the dust of the present catastrophe shall have cleared away the work of the builders will stand; the work of the politicians will be visible only in the form of ruins and *débris*—to be cleared away as soon as possible, and, in the mercy of time, forgotten.

Musical Notes

By Edwin Evans

Once more Sir Thomas Beecham occupies the foreground of the musical scene. With all gratitude to him, it is a little humiliating to consider that, but for the accident of his presence, with means to give effect to his wishes, opera would be at a standstill in London; whilst it is still active in the capitals of all the fighting nations, except in Cettinje, and perhaps Belgrade. Even the infinitesimal grant to musical purposes that figures in the national Budget has been cut down. Perhaps some day it will occur to our leaders that the two greatest organisations for "peaceful penetration" that the world has ever known, the Roman Catholic Church and the modern German Empire, have been intelligently and rightly alive to the proselytising influence of music. It is no mere accident that both have been, the former deliberately and the latter unconsciously, anxious to preserve their music free from foreign elements. Between the late Pope's pronouncement against the intrusion of modern music into the liturgy, and Hans Sachs's contemptuous rejection of "Wälschen Tand" there is a deep analogy. I do not suggest that we should be equally uncompromising; but, if only in self-defence, we should make our music a national, as well as a private interest. Otherwise it will continue to the crack of doom to be overrun from without.

The new season has opened with two outstanding performances. "Otello" was given in Italian out of deference to Shakespeare, whose spirit loses less in an Italian translation than it would in an English adaptation to the music. "Tristan and Isolda" was given in English, with the unexpected result that whole pages of the text could be heard through the orchestra far more clearly than has ever been possible with the guttural German. Besides being a feat on the part of the singers, this has an immediate bearing on the question of national opera, which continues to be dis-

cussed as part of the larger questions of the English musical idiom, and the singing of the English language. I cannot help thinking that the habit of listening to so much singing in languages which are unintelligible to the majority has much to do with our absurd tolerance of unintelligible singing of our own. Otherwise, it is difficult to understand why audiences do not arise in their wrath and hurl the books of words at the singers' heads, instead of submitting tamely to the imposture. If Miss Rosina Buckman, severely handicapped by Wagner, can let us hear what Isolda has to say, it is obviously a swindle that one should be compelled to pay sixpence to discover what a ballad is about.

This is one of several problems to which the Society of English Singers has devoted its deliberations for something like four years. Early last month its members, for the first time, invited the Press to hear an exposition of its aims. These consist primarily of a programme of educational reform, which has been submitted to our leading institutions, backed by signatures of unassailable authority. Ultimately the object is the creation of a school of singing that shall be founded on the English language, just as Italian singing derives from the Italian language. No doubt the presence of Sir Charles Stanford in the chair, and of several other well-known composers, was the reason why the actual setting of the words was not discussed, as it has surely been in private. If it is possible to imagine the Society as invested with the powers of a mediæval guild, I picture it as sitting in judgment upon an unintelligible singer. There will be counsel for the defence, whose most effective method will be the attempt to prove to the jury that the words cannot be sung to the composer's music. If he fails, the singer will be fined and pilloried. If he succeeds, something much more drastic will be done to the composer; and if a succession of guilty composers hail from the same teaching institution, the building will be applied to more useful purposes. In time, the study of English vocal inflections will produce a melodic idiom that will no longer be based upon theoretical studies illustrated solely by non-English examples. From that melodic idiom English opera will grow, as distinct from opera in English which we have now. Between an English translation fitted to a foreign melodic idiom and an original English text set in the same fashion the difference is not

great, so far as the problem of diction is concerned. Real progress will commence when the text sings itself with the ease of an Italian libretto. There is not the slightest reason why it should not. Meanwhile the standard of diction in the Beecham Company, to which many members of the Society belong, is higher than has hitherto been the rule, and with each successive season the experience gained brings it a little nearer to the ideal.

A new fixture in the present season is the commissioning of modern artists to design the stage settings. That for "Otello" is the work of M. Polunin, a Russian painter, who has achieved a remarkable concentration of design. For some reason or other our drama is peculiarly loth to learn the value of artistic economy. "Othello" has been set before now with a distracting *motif* to every few feet of stage until the effect was suggestive of those mammoth circuses with three rings and innumerable side-shows. That is, of course, fatal to the tragic spirit, which requires a relentless unity of purpose. M. Polunin's studied simplicity has a far more telling value than the lavishness so dear to our actor-managers. The designs for "Tristan" were the work of Mr. A. P. Allinson, whose achievement is also remarkable, but in another direction. The mechanical side of stagecraft has proved more recalcitrant to him, but his imagination is vivid, both for colour and composition. He adopted a somewhat personal interpretation of the Celtic style, which was effective in itself, but would probably have made a better background to the "Tristan" upon which Debussy is engaged than it did to Wagner's opera. It was unfortunate that Kurvenal's costume was not part of the design. His Bayreuth-Viking appearance on this Celtic scene had the effect of reminding one that Tristan, like Shakespeare, is a German conquest. It was more the originality of Mr. Allinson's work than his sense of the theatre that made his setting effective. With the numerous operas reported to be in preparation, Sir Thomas will have ample opportunities of doing as much for some of our more daring artists as he has done for our composers.

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

Kitchener

By John Helston

THERE is wild water from the north;
The headlands darken in their foam
As with a threat of challenge stubborn earth
Booms at that far wild sea-line charging home.

The night shall stand upon the shifting sea
As yesternight stood there,
And hear the cry of waters through the air,
The iron voice of headlands start and rise—
The noise of winds for mastery
That screams to hear the thunder in those cries.
But now henceforth there shall be heard
From Brough of Bursay, Marwick Head,
And shadows of the distant coast,
Another voice bestirred—
Telling of something greatly lost
Somewhere below the tidal glooms, and dead.
Beyond the uttermost
Of aught the night may hear on any seas
From tempest-known wild water's cry, and roar
Of iron shadows looming from the shore,
It shall be heard—and when the Orcades
Sleep in a hushed Atlantic's starry folds
As smoothly as, far down below the tides,
Sleep on the windless broad sea-wolds
Where this night's shipwreck hides.

By many a sea-holm where the shock
Of ocean's battle falls, and into spray
Gives up its ghosts of strife; by reef and rock
Ravaged by their eternal brute affray

With monstrous frenzies of their shore's green foe;
Where overstream and overfall and undertow
Strive, snatch away;
A wistful voice, without a sound,
Shall dwell beside Pomona, on the sea,
And speak the homeward- and the outward-bound,
And touch the helm of passing minds
And bid them steer as wistfully—
Saying: "He did great work, until the winds
And waters hereabout that night betrayed
Him to the drifting death! His work went on—
He would not be gainsaid. . . .
Though where his bones are, no man knows, not one!"

The Shipping Muddle

By David G. Pinkney

No genius is required to perceive that our mercantile marine has played a part of unsuspected consequence in the present war. Unless that fact is recognised, we are driven to the conclusion that the Government has shown criminal negligence, and has connived at the lamentable waste of money in the Transport Department of the Admiralty, and the quite preventable gamble in the freight markets. Had a reasonable amount of foresight been shown, and some kind of system devised for linking up our tonnage as an indispensable factor in the prosecution of the war, neither of these calamities could have occurred. Even allowing a reasonable margin for contingencies which nobody could have foreseen owing to the unprecedented magnitude of our naval and military operations, the charge of culpable negligence still remains in principle though we may modify it in degree. There is but one circumstance which the most bare-faced sycophants of the Government—and their name is legion—might be excused for alleging in extenuation of its blunders, namely, that in previous great wars the functions of the mercantile marine were comparatively insignificant compared with those of the present time; and that the change from sail to steam has been effected so quickly that we have barely had time to realise its importance. In other words, for war purposes the sailing vessel with its limited possibilities has been ousted by the steamship with its infinite capacity for transport and coaling work. The change began to be felt about sixty or seventy years ago, but only gradually, and it was not until after the introduction of the Limited Liability Companies Act, 1862, that the full significance of this organic change became apparent by the tremendous impetus which was given to the building

of "vessels navigated by steam," as they are quaintly described in the early volumes of *Lloyd's Register of Shipping*. In order to give some idea of the marvellous increase in the number of steamers that has subsequently taken place it may be mentioned, that whilst in 1880 we owned only 6,574,513 tons of shipping flying the British flag, it increased to the colossal figure of 21,274,068 in 1914.*

One can therefore understand that the Government may not have fully realised the vast amount of shipping which it was liable to be called upon to handle in case of war.

But however much we may be inclined to distend that spirit of fair play for which we have a well-deserved reputation, nothing on earth can excuse a too rigid adherence to antiquated formulæ in dealing with this question. After all, we had a certain amount of experience during the Egyptian campaigns, the South African War, and other similar though minor undertakings. All elderly shipbrokers remember the tenders for tonnage which the Government sent out on these occasions for naval and military requirements, showing that even in those early days of steam shipping the Transport Department of the Admiralty must have possessed some amount of system for dealing with mercantile tonnage in war-time.

How, then, can we account for the chaos which reigned in that department when we threw down the gauntlet to Germany in August, 1914? There was no evidence of even a skeleton plan for organising our shipping on a war footing. Had such been in existence at that time nothing can condone the hugger-mugger into which the shipping interests of the nation were plunged. Looking back on the last twenty months, one does not know whether to laugh or cry at the idiotic blunders which have been perpetrated during that short period. Fortunately, the situation had no serious aspect for the first few months after war was declared, and for two reasons. In the first place the tonnage requirements of the Government were very limited, and secondly, the freight markets were in a state of

* The following figures, taken from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, showing the growth of British tonnage, still further illustrate the importance of the conclusions drawn in this article :—

1588 . .	12,500 tons	1830 . .	2,199,959 tons	1880 . .	6,574,513 tons
1770 . .	682,000 „	1840 . .	2,768,262 „		
1791 . .	1,511,401 „	1860 . .	4,658,687 „	**1914**	**21,274,068** „

collapse. In July, 1914, freights were lower than they had been almost within living memory, and that unfortunate condition of affairs was aggravated by the international financial dislocation which took place rendering it almost impossible for merchants to negotiate for the transport of cargoes. By October, 1914, shipowners were almost at their wits' end, and steamers were sold at one-fifth of the value that they command to-day. So that the Government found no difficulty in filling its wants, and shipowners were fain to accept a very moderate rate on time-charter for their steamers. Up to that moment, therefore, the war had proved of no value to the shipping community.

Then a sudden and wonderful transformation took place which revealed for the first time the utter incapacity of our bureaucratic system. Instead of a speedy termination of hostilities, as had been the fond hope in Government and other circles, this country was compelled to realise that it would be called upon to undertake ever-increasing responsibilities, and neutral nations, fearing that they would be dragged into the maelstrom of war, began to lay in stocks of grain, coal and other supplies from overseas. There arose an unprecedented demand for tonnage, which, as will shortly be described, eventually became nothing less than a wild gamble, unfettered and uncontrolled.

That this state of affairs could have been prevented, wholly as regards tonnage owned by the allied nations, and very considerably in respect of that belonging to neutral countries, admits of no doubt whatever. No real attempt was made by our Government to control the situation. The fact that 42 per cent. of the world's tonnage flies the British flag proves that had the most elementary methods been employed by the Admiralty and the Board of Trade for controlling our shipping even at that critical stage, hundreds of millions of pounds could have been saved in freight alone during the past eighteen months. But they were too disdainful and self-satisfied to listen to the advice which practical shipping men poured into their ears month after month, and when the history of the war is written their ineffable contempt for the shipping man anxious to guide them on business lines will stand out as one of its greatest follies, for which the world in general has paid, and continues to pay, a very grievous price.

The whole trouble lies in a nutshell, and it would be courting a similar disaster in future to disguise the truth. Government officials, however competent they may be to manage purely State affairs, are totally unfitted for the management of a highly technical business, such as that of steam-shipping. It is essentially different from the more or less routine work of naval administration for which they have been trained to the highest standard of efficiency. The gratitude of the nation towards our Admiralty, taken as a whole, for the marvellous state of preparedness of our Navy when war broke out can hardly be put into words. It is the Transport Department alone which deserves our censure. It broke down completely in carrying out the duties for which it exists; it requires thorough and drastic reorganisation. Any large firm which attempted to do its business without a central control of thoroughly competent men and a staff of departmental managers and clerks capable of carrying out technical details, would be bankrupt in six months. And yet, incredible as it may seem, that was the actual situation in the Transport Department in August, 1914; and, but for the recent introduction of a limited number of shipping experts, who are doing everything humanly possible to stop the leakage of money and material, we would have remained in the same plight to-day. And not only was the department in question hopelessly unfitted for its work, but the Board of Trade, that unwieldy jungle of departmental profundities, also took a hand in the game and made confusion worse confounded by issuing its own instructions to shipowners, often rescinded almost as soon as they were sent out. It was a standing puzzle to discover where the powers of the Admiralty began and those of the Board of Trade finished, particularly at that period of war which is now under consideration. There was no recognisable co-relation between the two departments, and this is a point which will no doubt be rectified when the whole system is placed on an intelligent and practical footing, as is so urgently needed.

The seriousness of the matter first became apparent at the end of 1914, or the beginning of 1915, when the Admiralty requisitioned many hundreds of steamers in the most indiscriminate manner. Apparently there were no lists of shipowners kept on file, together with the number, names

and positions of their vessels, so that at any given moment as fair a proportion as possible might be immediately requisitioned from each owner or company, at blue-book rates. And in order to show the injustice of this procedure it is necessary to explain that blue-book rates, which were settled by consent between the Government and the shipowners, were far below the equivalent of the rates which were obtainable in the open markets. Roughly speaking, a vessel on Government service could only make from one-half to one-third the profit she would have made by trading "on her own." Consequently, through official stupidity, those owners who had more than their fair proportion of steamers requisitioned suffered a heavy penalty.

The following table, quoted from the *Times* of November 11th, 1915, was compiled in answer to a question put in the House of Commons, and illustrates the haphazard manner in which vessels of certain specified firms were "commandeered" in the early part of the war, and how the mistake was largely rectified ten months later, by which time, however, the Admiralty had reluctantly consented to take the advice of a body of shipowners:—

"In answer to Mr. Shirley Benn, who asked what was the percentage of tonnage owned by certain companies which was requisitioned by the Government up to January 1st, 1915, and the percentage owned by each house under requisition by the Government on October 1st, Dr. Macnamara furnishes the following particulars:

	Up to Jan. 1, 1915.	Up to Oct. 1 1915.
British India S.N. Co. (Ltd.)	46·5*	41·3†
Canadian Pacific Rly. Co.	16·0	20·0
T. Wilson, Sons & Co. (Ltd.)	9·0	13·75
Raeburn & Verel	—	25·0
Maclay & MacIntyre	2·1	24·5
E. T. Radcliffe & Co.	4·3	36·0
Foster, Hain & Read (E. Hain & Son)	30·4	25·7
W. Runciman & Co.	1·6	22·6
Prince Line (Ltd.)	10·15	18·0

"Dr. Macnamara adds that the figures given for the period from the beginning of the war up to January 1st, 1915, represent the proportion of the total time for which the ships

* 41·3 Per cent. represents ships requisitioned by the Indian Government.
† 30·0 Per cent. " " " " " "

requisitioned were on Government service bears to the full working time of the whole fleet for the period August 4th, 1914, to January 1st, 1915. The details given for October 1st, 1915, show the percentage of ships belonging to the respective firms which were actually on service at that date."

Another feature of this requisitioning muddle has also a very direct bearing on the mad competition which arose in the freight markets and deserves special notice. If the full extent of that bearing could be demonstrated, I venture to think it would open the eyes of the public to the extravagant abuse made by naval and military officials of the powers vested in them for calling on the Admiralty to provide tonnage for transport purposes. Time after time, questions were asked in both Houses of Parliament on this subject, and it was fully ventilated in a discussion in which many Members of Parliament, who had made extensive inquiries on the subject, took part. Amongst those politicians who have devoted an immense amount of time and energy in laying bare the shortcomings of the Transport Department, may be mentioned: Lord Joicey, Lord Beresford, Sir Joseph Walton, M.P., Sir H. S. Samuel, M.P., Mr. Houston, M.P., Mr. Shirley Benn, M.P., Captain Peto, M.P., and Mr. Goldstone, M.P., and two Committees were appointed to deal with the matter. One of these Committees was appointed some five months ago, under the chairmanship of Lord Curzon, who stated in the House of Lords on May 3rd last, in answer to a question by Lord Beresford, that the reason for the non-publication of the report of that Committee was, "that it contains information, figures and facts of a character so confidential that the noble lord himself would be the first to agree that it was undesirable in the public interest that it should be made known to the world." That cannot be called a satisfactory reply, and leaves one cold. The other Committee, appointed last January under the chairmanship of Mr. Herbert Samuel, "to consider how economy might be secured in Admiralty expenditure,"* is apparently so scared at its discoveries that it has not had the courage to

* Lord Joicey in the House of Lords, 10th Nov. 1915, stated that in his opinion millions upon millions had been wasted by the Admiralty Transport Department, and Lord Joicey is a keen judge in such matters.

report anything whatever! Mr. Samuel has been publicly challenged to publish the findings of his Committee, but he maintains a discreet but ominous silence. Some day or other the public will rebel at this farcical creation of deaf and dumb Committees. Even the most powerful of soothing syrups is liable to fail in its effect when administered too frequently. When the Government finds criticism becoming too hot, it usually adopts the formula "appoint a Committee," with favourable results to itself. This practice seems to be a variant on the advice given to the bumble-puppy player "when in doubt, play trumps." I respectfully ask Mr. Samuel once more to favour us with the result of his investigations. Did he find that the Transport Department really did commit muddle-headed blunders resulting in the sacrifice of colossal sums of money? Is it really true, as alleged, that naval and military authorities ordered more than a reasonable margin of tonnage for coaling and transport purposes, and kept the vessels waiting much longer in port than was necessary? I will detail a few of these costly absurdities later in this article, and my readers will then appreciate the cogency of my questions to Mr. Samuel. Taking 5,000 tons as the average cargo capacity of the steamers requisitioned, with an average capability of performing four round voyages (out and home) per annum, it follows that every vessel needlessly requisitioned is equivalent to 40,000 tons per annum being taken away from the commercial markets. Now, Mr. Runciman stated in the House of Commons that we import 160,000 tons of paper-making material every year, and that we are now experiencing a shortage of that commodity. If steamers have been needlessly requisitioned, four of them could rectify the paper shortage within a few months by releasing them from Admiralty service, and employing them to bring wood-pulp to this country.

In any event, it is quite certain that the wholesale requisitioning of steamers, and particularly the unfair method of doing it, had the the effect of driving tonnage away from the United Kingdom, lest it should be taken over by the Admiralty at unremunerative blue-book rates. Consequently, merchants and charterers found great difficulty in finding steamers to bring cargoes to this country, and they had to pay higher rates of freight to get their

requirements filled. That was one of the two principal geneses from which arose the greatest shipping boom in history, which could have been wholly prevented, or signally checked, so far as this country is concerned, had there been a Ministry of Marine with a staff of live shipping men to direct—not merely to advise—the barnacles in the Transport Department of the Admiralty in respect of everything connected with the commercial side of this great question.

The other cause which precipitated the mad rush for tonnage was the sudden demand which sprang up in neutral countries. Early in 1915 it became evident that those who predicted an early cessation of hostilities were mistaken, and as the war area increased, and the certain advent in the field of other belligerents became apparent, neutral nations adopted the precaution of importing large quantities of grain, coal, and other commodities. Italy led the way, other nations followed in her wake. Tonnage even at that time was already becoming scarce, and competition for it became so great that freights took an upward bound, which nothing could stop. Every day saw new records established in all the freight markets of the world, and shipowners since that period have had the time of their lives, especially those of neutral nationalities, whose profits have been much larger, and also liable to less taxation than those of their British competitors. It would be inexpedient and serve no useful purpose to produce long tables of figures showing the comparative rates of freight ruling before and during the war. It will suffice to give a few examples of the amazing rise which commenced early in 1915, and has only been checked (for reasons which will shortly be given) during the past few weeks. For instance, in July, 1914, the rate of freight on grain from Argentina to the United Kingdom was only 11s. 6d. per ton, a figure, it should be mentioned, which left a loss to the shipowner: by the end of 1914 it had risen to 40s., and eventually it reached the colossal figure of 175s., and remained at about that level for many months. Now every 10s. freight is equivalent to $\frac{1}{4}$d. on the price of a 4-lb. loaf of bread, so that the increased cost of bread in war-time is easily accounted for, and if anything will rouse the nation to demand the appointment of a body of practical men to regulate our shipping in time of war, surely the figures just given will do so. A similar

thing took place in America, where grain freight rates went up from 2s. or 2s. 3d. per quarter of 480 lb. to 17s. 6d. per quarter, or more to the U.K., and to no less than 30s. to 32s. 6d. to Mediterranean destinations. Similar conditions prevailed as regards cargoes taken to Scandinavian ports for which stupendous rates were paid, and seeing that a large proportion of these cargoes eventually found a resting-place in German ports most British people will never forgive our Government for such an abuse of our indefeasible maritime rights. Apart from the folly of it, there is no doubt whatever that if we had closed the North Sea entirely, or put neutral countries adjacent to Germany on a "rationing" basis, the vessels which have been engaged transporting supplies to our enemy during nearly two years of war, would have been obliged to seek other markets, *and would have been diverted to the ports of the Allies*. Think how that would have relieved our short supply of tonnage. And it is not yet too late to put it into practice. As is shown elsewhere the shortage of British tonnage is becoming a national danger of the first degree and a tight blockade of the North Sea is imperative, for by putting that in force we would bring the war to a speedy termination, and in the meantime our neutral "friends" would become carriers of our own much-needed food and other supplies. The bold sailor-man is on our side, but the funky lawyer is against us. If not for our own sakes, then for the sake of our children and our children's children, let us demand and *insist* that our Navy be put to the primary use for which it was built, to blockade the enemy, and starve him out.

There are many other phases of the freight boom with which it is impossible to deal within the limits of an article of this nature. As was the case with grain rates, so it was also with cotton, coal, timber, and almost everything else that is transported overseas. Fortunes were made by merchants, middlemen, and shipowners; and the pure speculator, flushed with success, materially aggravated an already serious situation by running up prices regardless of the consequences so long as he lined his own pockets with gold.

The shipowners were not to blame for the freight boom. I make that statement with a full sense of responsibility.

No doubt there were a few of them who could not resist the temptation which was presented to them, and used every effort to appreciate the value of their vessels, but, as a whole, I am convinced that British shipowners, through the fault of the Government, as already described, were placed in an utterly false position, which they themselves never sought. No less than 57 per cent. of their tonnage has been requisitioned, leaving only 43 per cent. for commercial purposes.* Is it to be wondered at that merchants and speculators, in their frantic efforts to obtain that very limited available residuum of tonnage, bombarded shipowners with offers of freight, each more attractive than the last, and that the shipowner was thus placed in a situation from which he could not have extricated himself without being false to his trust. Hundreds of millions sterling are invested in British steamers, and it must not be forgotten that during the ten years, from 1901 to 1910 inclusive, the shareholders who provided that money received mere skeleton dividends—probably an *average* of not more than 1 per cent.—after deducting 5 per cent. for depreciation of the property, so that, in any case, many thousands of our countrymen, who are not shipowners as such, are reaping the benefit of the shipping boom. Moreover, when the amount of excess profit taxation drawn from shipping during the war becomes known, it will be an agreeable revelation to the public, and represent a very material proportion of the cost of the war itself. So I feel justified in sounding a note of protest against those who are always ready to throw big stones at others who have come into a share of unexpected prosperity. Although the shipping boom could have been prevented, the 60 per cent. or more excess profit taxation just mentioned is a not unimportant discount which must be borne in mind when we consider the cost of the war, and the increased food prices now prevailing. The nation is "getting its own back again."

The prices of steamers also rose during the war consistently with the rise in freights. A vessel, which was sold by auction in September, 1914, for £19,000, was resold last year for £60,000, and is now worth £100,000. That is a mild example of the hundreds of transactions that have taken place during the war, and in many cases the profits

* Lord Curzon in the House of Lords, 3rd May, 1916.

made by sellers have been more than extraordinary. It will be a long time before prices recede to the pre-war level, and there are shrewd judges who predict that the future demands of shipyard workers will preclude any possibility of vessels ever being turned out again on a basis of £5 to £6 per ton as was the case for a series of years prior to 1914, with a few notable exceptions.

It will now be convenient to give some idea of the preposterous blunders committed by the Admiralty Transport Department in the manipulation of requisitioned tonnage. They are almost beyond belief, as the following instances will show. The expensive passenger steamer "City of Birmingham," absolutely unsuitable for carrying a heavy cargo, was requisitioned at a U.K. port, and sent out in ballast to the west coast of South America—about 10,000 miles—to load a cargo of nitrate of soda; whereas an ordinary tramp steamer, built for carrying dead-weight cargoes, might have been obtained within fifteen days steaming of the nitrate ports, and at half the freight. Again, several steamers of 5,000 to 6,000 tons capacity were sent from Cardiff to the East Coast of Scotland, with cargoes of coal for Navy requirements, especially patrol-boats, and after being employed *four months* on that work, they arrived back in Cardiff *with several hundred tons—in one case* 800 *tons—of their original cargo on board.* Take one or two more examples. A steamer called at Gibraltar for bunker coal *en route* to the Gulf of Mexico, to load a cargo of grain for the U.K. Now the price of coal at Gibraltar was 57s. 6d. per ton, and in the Gulf it is about 14s. per ton. Will it be believed that instead of buying only sufficient dear coal at Gibraltar to take her to the Gulf, and replenishing her bunkers there at 14s. per ton for the homeward run, she bought coal for the whole round at Gibraltar! That stroke of imbecility cost the country £1,000 or more, and one wonders how many more such cases there were which have never come to light. But even that was positively skilful compared with my next and concluding example. Everybody who has cut his wisdom teeth knows that Archangel is a port in the White Sea, which freezes up every winter, and remains so until about the middle of May. Shipowners know it, at any rate, and take particular care to get their vessels out of the port before King Frost appears on the scene;

but occasionally—only occasionally—they are nipped. Last winter, no fewer than eighty vessels requisitioned by the Transport Department were caught in ice, and remained there until the navigation reopened this year—say, about six months. That fleet of vessels represents say about 400,000 tons of shipping; and I leave it to the imagination of the public to assess what share the putting out of commission of all those steamers must have had on the price of our foodstuffs to-day. Ordinary dictionary words seem quite inadequate to criticise such witless folly. And yet Parliament is never tired of exhorting the nation to practise economy!

But, it will be asked, what steps did the Government take to remedy the shocking muddle created by their want of foresight? Was no attempt made to reorganise the *personnel* and to stop the rampageous extravagance of the Admiralty Transport Department? Did the Government stand idly by when the stampede in the freight market took place? To such questions only a humiliating reply can be given. For many months nothing whatever was done, and things were allowed to drift until, in the early days of 1915, the depletion of tonnage by requisition and by enemy submarines became alarming. Yielding, as usual, to public pressure our wiseacres appointed a Director of Transports, Mr. Graeme Thompson being chosen for the position. His appointment was universally condemned, owing to his lack of technical experience for such an office. In fairness to Mr. Thompson, however, it must be stated that he eventually became a very efficient public servant, whose power of adaptability has earned the unstinted praise of the shipping community. But until comparatively recently the Government, notwithstanding vehement protests, in Parliament and in the Press, against the general retention of thoroughly incompetent officials in the Transport Department, obstinately refused to replace them with men from shipping offices and exchanges who had the requisite knowledge and experience, and matters consequently went from bad to worse. Small advisory committees of shipowners were indeed appointed, but without executive power; and, in any case, it was impossible that their recommendations could be carried out by men who understood nothing about shipowning, chartering, and a thousand other details of this

intricate business. So that it is almost impossible to realise the hopeless condition of affairs that eventuated towards the end of 1915. And during all this time practical shipping men continued to bombard the Government with schemes for placing the mercantile marine under control. I take the liberty of quoting from a very able letter written by Sir Aubrey Brocklebank * which in my estimation is one of the most valuable contributions that were submitted for relieving the shortage of tonnage. Sir Aubrey compared the mercantile marine to a conduit pipe through which all our supplies and those of our Allies must come, and he maintained that "the pipe is badly furred by the lack of vessels that have been requisitioned by the Government, and the effective bore is thereby reduced." He clinched his convincing argument by the following sagacious application of his metaphor, viz. :—

"When a pipe is carrying all it can, and the attempt is made to force more through it, the result is a rise in pressure in the pipe, which is a fair analogy to a rise in freights. The way to reduce the pressure is either to increase the capacity of the pipe *by removing some of the furring* [my italics], or to put less through it. I am quite confident that very much more can be done in the way of increasing the capacity by a more intelligent use of requisitioned steamers."

The simile appears to be a perfect one, and the release of a number of requisitioned vessels (which may be found practicable when, if ever, Mr. Herbert Samuel's Committee issues its report) would be the shortest and best way of reducing freights, as the commercial markets would thus obtain immediate relief.

However, as constant dropping will wear away a stone, the public will rejoice to hear that the Government has at last been compelled to exercise something like a proper grip on the operations of our mercantile marine. And it is important to observe that this salutary change is due, not to those who have girded at the tight-fisted shipowner, but to the insistent pressure on the part of the advisory boards of shipowners themselves, and of those Members of Parliament who have been more or less acting with them. The formula

* *The Times*, January 25th, 1916.

adopted is of the simplest description, and we shall no doubt be asked the usual question, "Why was it not done before?", the answer to which is indicated by the moral that this article is intended to teach, namely, "Put a shipping man in charge of a shipping job." There has been a gradual "combing out" of the bureaucratic automatons in the Transport Department and a substitution in their places of men who thoroughly understand the many technicalities of shipowning and chartering. Also, the movements of vessels are now checked and "directed" in such a way as to obtain the maximum national benefit from the much-reduced quantity of our available tonnage. No British vessel is now permitted to undertake a voyage of any description without a licence, and the authorities are using every possible endeavour to "direct" the tonnage into those trades which will best serve the country's interest. In addition to this, 500 British steamers have been dedicated to the exclusive use of France, Italy and Russia,* and a system of maximum rates of freight has been established on cargoes of coal shipped from the United Kingdom to French ports, representing a reduction of fully one-third of the tremendous rates previously current.

The neutral shipowner, too, is gently but firmly constrained to "do his bit" for our benefit, thanks again to the practical men who are, in effect, taking the wheel in the Transport Department of the Admiralty. In return for the privilege of obtaining supplies of British bunker coal (German coal being seizable as contraband), his vessels must now bring a certain proportion of their cargoes to this country for our comfort and convenience, thus augmenting the already large proportion of our imports that come in foreign bottoms.†

The compelling effect of these wholesome reforms, which will no doubt be extended as becomes practicable, is brought into startling relief by the phenomenal drop

* Lord Beresford,–House of Lords, May 3rd, 1916.

† Mr. Runciman stated in the House of Commons, May 23rd, 1916, in reply to Mr. R. P. Houston, that in the calendar year 1915, 13,200 British steamers, with an aggregate net tonnage of 22,632,000, and 12,550 foreign steamers, with a total tonnage of 9,900,000, entered from abroad. The foreign steamers were thus 48·7 per cent. of the total number and their net tonnage 30·4 per cent. of that of all steamers entered with cargo.

that has taken place in American grain freights during the past few weeks. In February last the rate on wheat from the Northern States ports to the U.K. was 18s. per quarter of 480 lb., whereas to-day (June 17th) it is only 7s. per quarter, a fall of, say, 50s. per ton, equivalent to a reduction of £15,000 freight on a 6,000-ton cargo boat for a round trip of fifty days, as compared with what the same vessel earned four months ago. There has been a simultaneous heavy drop in the price of the staple, and the combined result is that the calculations of grain merchants have been upset, and they are now reported to be selling their produce at a loss of 22s. 6d. per quarter, or over £30,000 on a cargo imported by a vessel of the capacity indicated above. The price of the 4-lb. loaf is tumbling in consequence, and should be very materially lower when the cargoes about to be loaded are marketed in this country.

But although this drop in Atlantic freights is distinctly encouraging, and shows what a well-directed effort can accomplish, it would be hazardous to assume that a permanently improved situation has been reached. We are not yet out of the wood. The diminishing supply of tonnage for commercial purposes is a matter of serious concern, and may handicap the reforms which I have mentioned, which, though very welcome, were unfortunately too long in coming, and we shall see higher freights again when the new grain crops are ready for shipment.

At the beginning of the war the total British tonnage was roundly 21½ million. Up to January, 1916, our losses by perils of the seas and by enemy submarines were made good, approximately, by construction of new steamers and by taking over interned enemy ships. Since then the situation has changed for the worse. When actual figures become available it will be seen that construction work in our shipyards has seriously declined, and the new German submarine campaign, which started on March 1st, 1916, has made great havoc amongst both Allied and neutral shipping.* Assuming that losses by submarine continue, and the Government does not immediately tackle the question of finishing new merchant vessels and building further ton-

* During the first ten weeks, from March 1st, 1916, German submarines accounted for no fewer than 446,467 tons of Allied and neutral ships.

nage,* I agree with Mr. R. P. Houston, M.P., that not merely the price of the whole nation's foodstuffs, but also whether these foodstuffs will be available depends on the solving of this shipping problem. He further says that "the price of food" as a topic will yield to another and greater, namely, "Will food be available?" and that this is a national question that concerns every home. No less than 57 per cent. of our shipping is under requisition by the Government, leaving 43 per cent. to the British shipowners for commercial purposes,† though, as already shown, the regulation of the latter is now under State control, and is being used to the best advantage. A practical shipping friend of mine, who has closely studied this question, is convinced that at the present rate of attrition we shall only have (outside of tonnage requisitioned by the Government) some seven million tons of shipping available for commercial purposes by January, 1917, or just over one-third of our pre-war supply. From whatever point we view the matter, the conclusion is inevitable, that a further considerable rise in the price of food and other necessities is imminent, unless drastic steps are taken to counteract the present shrinkage of tonnage by either, or all, of the following means: (*a*) The release of vessels from Admiralty requisition; (*b*) the completion and construction of new vessels; (*c*) taking over the 42 vessels now under construction for foreign account‡; (*d*) a blockade of the North Sea, thus driving neutral tonnage into our markets; (*e*) prohibition of sales of British vessels to foreigners§; (*f*) speeding up the 11,000,000 tons (about) of steamers now under requisition by the Government.‖

There is nothing new or revolutionary about these pro-

* Now that the services of every available shipworker is a pressing national necessity it appears fatuous to employ our men in repairing foreign vessels, as is the case in this country to-day.

† Lord Curzon, House of Lords, May 3rd, 1916.

‡ Mr. Runciman, in the House of Commons, May 11th, 1916. The previous day he stated that only 26 vessels were being built in this country for neutrals.

§ The total number of British vessels of all kinds sold to foreigners during the seventeen months ended December 31st, 1915, was 269, with a total tonnage of 552,407.

‖ Cases of official incapacity are still cropping up. Last month a requisitioned steamer was sent from a South Wales port to Liverpool, and, after some time was spent on fitting her out for her intended voyage, *she was found to be too large* for the job, and was sent back to South Wales to be fitted for other employment. And the country pays for the loss of time incurred by such muddling.

posals, all of which have been advocated in the House of Commons by Mr. Houston and other Members of Parliament, but without any real success. Public pressure, loud and insistent, is the only thing which will have the desired effect on our "wait and see" Government. They have yielded to it on a good number of occasions during this war, and will do so again if this subject is not allowed to drop.

And now my task is finished. I have endeavoured to trace, with a restraint often difficult to curb, but with a strict adherence to facts, the manner in which our 21,000,000 tons of mercantile shipping have been mismanaged, and the disastrous consequences which followed. That I have been compelled to hit hard and often is the fault of those whose want of foresight and stubborn resistance to expert advice have rendered them so open to attack. Never was punishment better deserved, and when the time arrives to settle political accounts with the present Government, I hope and believe that the shipping scandal will be remembered as one of the chief of their many shortcomings, and that those responsible for it will receive short shrift at the hands of a nation of business people.

NOTE.—The appointment of a Minister of Marine is an imperative necessity. It is ridiculous to expect the President of the Board of Trade to look after our huge mercantile marine in addition to his other responsibilities, which include railway, tramway and gas companies, standards of weights and measures, electric lighting, the non-legal machinery of bankruptcy, labour exchanges, trade disputes, the National Insurance Act (Part II.), and the Conciliation Act —truly a staggering list. In an article of mine published in the *Syren and Shipping* (October 27th, 1915), I called attention to the matter. The following quotation therefrom may be of interest :—

"Even without our shipping to look after, he would have enough, and more than enough, to tax his efforts, be he ever such a glutton for work. But his lip quivers not, nor does his hand tremble when receiving his portfolio of office. Consider for a moment the further tremendous duties which this political Colossus assumes in addition to being *amicus curiæ* of the mercantile marine and the British public in their relations to one another. The wonder is that he does

not either succumb inside of a week under his heavy burden or confess that he is unequal to it."

Can we wonder that Mr. Runciman's health has broken down under such an unnatural strain? He has our grateful sympathy and our wishes for steady recovery. He is the victim of a rotten system, which may have worked well 256 years ago, when Charles II. established "The Board of Trade and Plantations," but long since became ready for the scrap-heap. Let us, then, follow the advice of Mr. W. M. Hughes, and organise our national resources on a business footing, beginning with our mercantile marine.

The British Empire

By Frank P. Slavin

It is more than probable that a good many readers of the English Review may wonder what a retired pugilist, turned soldier in his fifty-sixth year, can have to say about the inner feelings of the Colonies and the Empire and the War—that is, anything worth reading. That wonder is quite natural, for I suppose that very few people in these islands have ever heard anything about me or about my life, outside the boxing ring. But, as a matter of fact, I became a professional pugilist more or less by accident, as most professional pugilists have done. My accident, if I may say so, was directly due to the centuries old antagonism between Ulster and the rest of Ireland, and made me not only a pugilist, but a politician as well, of a kind. It happened this way.

I have always been called a Cornstalk (*i.e.*, a New South Walian), but, as a matter of fact, I am a South Australian by birth, though my father moved to West Maitland, in the Upper Hunter Valley, New South Wales, very soon after my birth, where he took up a big tract of land, and built up a big business in cattle-raising and market produce. So you see that I was a farmer before I became anything else. I might have remained a farmer all my life, if the Irish question had not spread over into Australia and affected my career. Unfortunately my father died in September, 1868, when I was seven years old, leaving my mother with seven children (the eldest a girl of twelve); and a large ranch to run. That was a year of exceptional drought, and she naturally had her hands full. Our nearest neighbours were a family of the name of Campbell, dour Ulstermen, strict Methodists, and rigid Sabbatarians, who were naturally highly annoyed at having to suffer the contamination of a horde of "Papish Beasts" (as they called us) in their vicinity. So they set out to prove the superior loyalty of Ulster, and incidentally

to save their own souls, by invoking curses on all our enterprises, and by, more actively, assisting their curses to roost by lifting as many of our cattle as they could whenever they found an opportunity of so doing. There were plenty of professional cattle thieves about in those days, but though we suffered at their hands, our heaviest losses were due to the political and religious fervour of the Campbells.

As a material result, my brothers and I always fought the Campbell boys whenever we met them, and a nice little civil war raged until old Campbell caught me one day and gave me the worst hiding (with a stockwhip) I have ever received in my life. I was only nine years old at the time, but he beat me into a senseless condition, and, indeed, very nearly killed me. Of course, I had to get even, though I had to wait thirteen years for the chance.

The big drought of 1872 ruined my mother and sent me off gold-mining—into my real profession, that is to say. For, although I have turned my hand to many callings in my time, the one job I have always come back to is that of mining engineering. Drifting into Sydney around my twentieth year, and coming across old Larry Foley, I remembered the Campbells, and at once settled down to learn all I could about the art of self-defence. After a year's study and practice with Foley, and a few fights, I decided that I could attend to the Campbell family, quite as efficiently as the Huns attended to Belgium in August and September, 1914. So I went back to Maitland and paid the Ulstermen a friendly visit. That was a really great battle royal; but when I came away I felt satisfied that I had paid off old scores with full interest, and had also settled the Irish question in that vicinity.

Old Campbell must be dead now, for his sons were mostly older than me. Still, I hope that they are all as hale and hearty, and that some of them may have joined up with the Australian contingent, in which case I may meet them on one of the fronts, and bury all old animosities in the blood of a few Huns.

There is no reason why such a meeting should not come to pass, for there are any number of men well past the so-called military age in the ranks of the Colonial contingents. We have led harder and rougher lives than you people at home, and those of us who have pulled through

are as tough as tanned leather and as wiry as whipcord. What is more, we have seen the Empire (together with a few good slices of the rest of the earth), and we know that it is well worth fighting for to the last drop of our blood.

Those of you who have lived out all your days here at home, and have both abused and absorbed abuse of the Empire and its management (particularly the last), may think you know all there is to know about the Empire, but you cannot. A man has got to experience the roughest of rough times, both under the Union Jack and a few other flags, before he can begin to understand everything that the old flag really means. I have myself lived at various times under thirty-two flags (twenty-three of which were variations of the Union Jack), and I have been through both good and bad times under them all; and I have learnt that a man can be assured of better and fairer treatment and a squarer chance under the old flag than he can under any other piece of bunting. It was a gradual discovery, and I did not perhaps think so much of it at the time. In fact, I did not realise that I had made it until I came home this time with my regiment and read your newspapers, and talked with old friends and new acquaintances. It was only then that I got to understand how right Kipling was when he asked:

"What do they know of England, who only England know?"

Now, as it is the Nationalist element which rules in America and in the Colonies, and as there are plenty of Ulstermen in those same States and Colonies who have found that Irish—even Roman Catholic Irish—rule is quite tolerable, so there is no reason why in due course they might not accept it comfortably at home. But I am not here "putting up" for Home Rule. My complaint is that the establishment of Martial Law and the military execution of the rebels were bad blunders. They would have been all right and justifiable if the rebels had been Englishmen or Scotsmen; but I am an Irishman by blood, even if I am now a Canadian Scot, and I claim to know my people. Those executions have only succeeded in making a new host of martyrs, and in offering encouragement to any number of other young Irishmen to emulate Pearse, Connolly and Co., in the hope of earning martyrs' crowns for themselves.

No Irishman is ever so really happy as when he is striving for martyrdom; and, on the other hand, no Irishman is ever so really miserable as when he is being made a laughing-stock of. No man, of course, yearns for ridicule, but the threat or fear of being made to look ridiculous would be quite sufficient to deter any Irishman from embarking on any enterprise whatsoever. The settlement of the rebellion—or, rather, the sweeping up of the *débris*—was left to the soldiers and the lawyers, who went about their task as though they were dealing with mutinous soldiers or felons on trial, instead of with a lot of hare-brained fanatics, who honestly believed that they had qualified as heroes of epic poetry. I am quite satisfied that the wisest course would have been to address the leaders (including Sir Roger Casement) in some such style as this: "You have proved to the entire satisfaction of everyone that you prefer Germany to Ireland, and Hun rule to the Union Jack, so go where you will feel happy. We, and Ireland, can easily dispense with your presence, and the Germans *might* be pleased to see you. Run along." You could then have shipped them all over to Hunland, where they might perhaps have learnt wisdom, and *perhaps* also have found their martyrs' crowns outside Verdun.

It may perhaps be objected that this would have given them a fresh opportunity of returning to make new troubles in Ireland. But the risk would surely have been remote. Connolly (the irreconcilable) might perhaps have tried, but he would have been a discredited force; while Pearse and the rest would have had a rude awakening. One feels sure that their experiences among the Huns would have enabled them to discover the Union Jack and all that it means. And just try to imagine the impression which would have been created among Irish-Americans and Irish-Colonials. Martyrdom of the Irish brand would have undergone a really bad slump.

But this you will say has nothing to do with the Colonial view of the war and the Empire. I believe, however, that it has a good deal to do with it, since the eternal Irish Question is one of the only solid quarrels which the Dominions have with the Old Country. So very few of you English people appear to realise the immensity of the Irish element in Colonial politics, and how very largely Irishmen bulk

in Colonial politics. In fact, I have come to suspect that very few Englishmen indeed really possess any inkling of knowledge about Colonial character, or about the real Empire at all. Yet it is far from being a difficult subject.

Colonials are just Britons. The Colonial character is the British character over again; only more so. Of course, we grumble and sneer at the Old Country at times, just as you English at home sneer and grumble at your own Government. But that is only our way; and it is our way because we are part and parcel of you. In reality, we are fully as proud—prouder even—of the Old Country and of the flag than you are. We know that you have allowed us to govern ourselves in our own way—that you have *trusted* us. Hence, we are willing to fight your battles, which we realise are really ours as well, to the last man and to the last shilling. And hence we are proud to belong to the Empire, and resolved that you shall never have any real trouble with us. We are also able to see why Ireland has always given you all kinds of trouble and will continue to do so until you trust her as you have trusted us. You want to *govern* Ireland, for her own benefit, of course. You have told her so until she is sick and tired of hearing you say so. It is possible, perhaps, that your rule is far more beneficial to her than any Home Rule could be, but the mischief is that the vast majority of Irishmen—both at home and abroad—don't worry about that. It isn't beneficial government they want so much as Irish government. You would feel just the same as they do; in fact, you do. The Germans are quite satisfied that their own Kultur is vastly superior to any other brand, and they honestly believe that you would be ever so much happier if you would but allow them to administer it among you. They really cannot understand how you can be so dense as to refuse; and *you* cannot understand how or why the Irish people are so dense as to be unable to appreciate Dublin Castle Kultur.

It isn't fair to blame them for their inability to realise the Empire when you neither realise it yourselves nor afford them the faintest chance of realising it. All that they know is that they are Irishmen, who have clamoured for self-government, for a *proof* that you really do trust them, for centuries, only to meet with a steadfast and repeated refusal to all their appeals. How in common justice can you com-

plain when a partner whom you do not and never have trusted, whom you have always told that you do not trust, proves to be occasionally troublesome and always peevish?

You have assembled a congeries of republics, and have welded them—loosely perhaps—but consequently securely, into the mightiest and freest republic the world has ever seen. The Empire has been built up on the foundations of freedom and trust; and there you have the whole secret of Colonial loyalty to England and to the Union Jack. It is *our* Empire and *our* flag. You refused to trust your American Colonies, and lost them. That was a bad day for you, and, I may add, a worse day for them. The clearer-sighted American has at last come to recognise that last-stated fact; for there are scores, nay, hundreds of thousands, of Americans to-day who, though they would be loth to admit the fact, would be happier if their flag was the Union Jack. They would, of course, fight to the death sooner than see it float *over* the Stars and Stripes. But for all their pride in "Old Glory," in their heart of hearts they are sorry that they ever became separated. How many Americans are to-day serving in the ranks of the Canadian contingents do you think? The total would, I fancy, surprise you. And there are scores of thousands ready and eager to follow if they felt that the Empire ever needed them.

Lust for adventure, perhaps. Well, they and we native Britons, Canadians, Australians, Americans, South Africans and New Zealanders have had our glut of adventure in Alaska and on the Klondyke. But we have swarmed into the recruiting depôts all the same—Britons, Colonials, and Americans alike, irrespective of age or circumstance. There is an old comrade of mine, now in France, a grandfather, as I am myself, but a millionaire, as I am not. He and I packed many a trail together in the Yukon before he made his pile and pulled out to settle down on a ranch on Queen Charlotte Island. Yet he was one of the first to enlist and to see war for the first time at Ypres. The Empire called him, and he heard the call; simply because the Empire is worth fighting and dying for.

Yes, the Old Country is a grand old mother, and we are proud—all of us—to be numbered among her soldiers.

The Secret Constitution of the Shinn Fane

By Major Darnley-Stuart-Stephens

On the concluding page of his "New Ireland," the late A. M. Sullivan foreshadowed, with more than prophetic accuracy, the revival of the I.R.B., the easy suppression of which, some forty years past, led, both on the part of the Government and public, to many false conclusions. Wrote, nearly a quarter of a century ago, this Irish historian and Nationalist journalist: "Above all, it must be borne in mind, that like the party of Kossuth sullenly watching the endeavours of Francis Deak to obtain a measure of Home Rule for Hungary, *there are men in America and in Ireland, few, but not less determined, some of them more desperate than ever, who hope in the breakdown of public effort, to have another chance for the resorts of violence.*" When these words were penned, most people assumed that the last had been heard of Fenianism—the prisoners had nearly all been amnestied, the attempt to prepare the way for a revolution in Ireland by a secret society had apparently failed and been abandoned. Those, however, who believed that the project had been relinquished after the fiasco of the 'sixties, reckoned without their host, although appearances were in favour of their view, for the conspiracy was then disorganised and shattered; the rank and file of the I.R.B. remained, but there were few local leaders. The impulse of resuscitation came from America, when arrived in London from New York an envoy of the F.B. (the Transatlantic wing of Fenianism) endowed with Ambassadorial powers of a high order. With that want of politeness which so unhappily characterises perfidious Albion, this distinguished diplomat in our midst was overlooked in the invitations to the Lord Mayor's annual banquet; neither was he presented to Her Majesty. Perhaps these discourteous

omissions were due to the fact that during the month of fogs the High Plenipotentiary evaded inhaling our "London particular" by the remarkable expedient of never quitting for some forty days and nights an Irish public-house in Wardour Street, Soho. And unlike Elijah, this eminent, if officially unacknowledged, member of the *corps diplomatique* never, during the period of his self-internment, eagerly scanned the pea-soup-coloured firmament for the advent of ravens bearing him manna. His Excellency was not a "fasting man." Quoth to me the landlord of the caravanserai which had the honour of housing the distinguished foreign guest: "Begorra, your honour, this house will never see such times again. We had all the head men of the organisation every night here for more than a month. This is the sort of life it was. Every night, from seven o'clock on, a crowd of the boys would drop in one after the other, and all with the same inquiry, 'Is himself right yet?' And, God forgive me, what could I do but tell a damned lie and say that Mr. D. O'S. was terribly busy on his dispatches for New York, and couldn't see anybody at all, at all, even if it were the Holy St. Peter hot-foot from Rome." I had been privileged, in 1886, to inspect Peter Cowel's ledger for the memorable period of the Ambassador's mission. With an emotion that moved me to tears, I read in the worthy landlord's diary such gems as, "Mr. O'Donovan is getting into the jim-jams; he opened the window last night of Mr. O'Sullivan's bedroom and fired off into Wardour Street the revolvers he brought from Merv. Michael Davitt went out looking as black as a crow. He says Mr. O'Donovan had better have stayed with the Turcomans. Mem.: Two gallons of malt for Mr. O'S.'s room last night; that makes forty-three gallons of whisky; but he gets plenty of money from America, so, Peter, you are all right." It might have been matter-of-fact old Pepys again! *Eh bien!* When the great thirst of forty days had been reasonably assuaged, His Excellency proceeded on a tour of inspection of the scattered units of the Brotherhood, accompanied by the founder of the Land League and Edmund O'Donovan, the famous special correspondent of the *Daily News*, who to the day of his death with Hicks Pasha in the Soudan was imbued with an extraordinary taste for the business of Irish con-

spiracy. I must pay a tribute to the memory of O'Donovan, who was the most earnest and sincere believer in the righteousness of the Fenian cause I ever met. Far from deriving any financial emolument from the conspiracy, the large profits which he derived from his works of travel were always placed with a free hand at the disposal of the Brotherhood, and before leaving on his ill-omened journey to Khartoum he bequeathed all his property in trust for the then treasurer of the I.R.B., Pat Egan, M.P., sometime baker's clerk, treasurer of the Dublin Invincibles, and United States Minister to Chili when the writer was serving in the Chilian Congressionalist Civil War. The triumvirate were accompanied in their Odyssey by another trio, one of an order of mankind poetically distinguished as myrmidons, but recognised by the vulgar as police. And wherever progressed His Excellency, and Michael Davitt, and the unsuspecting war correspondent, so also did three Irish detectives from Old Scotland Yard. In brief, the whole task of the re-establishment of this secret society throughout Ireland and England was effected about the end of 1878; and since then, up to the big split in the ranks of the conspiracy after the Phœnix Park assassinations, the Fenians fondly believed that the organisation maintained an unsuspected existence.

The real truth was that every step taken to reunite the scattered units of the I.R.B. was daily reported to my friend the late Sir Edward Howard Vincent, chief, by grace of Mr. Gladstone, of the newly-constituted Criminal Investigation Department. Once revived in Ireland, Fenianism, as time went on, waxed strong, and communicated a new lease of life to the organisation on the other side of the Atlantic, where it expanded into the ill-famed Clan-na-Gael. And in Ireland and the United Kingdom the I.R.B. soon followed the example of the American wing—that of forming Secret Circles under the cloak of legal associations. This system of masking a treasonable society was initiated by the capture to Fenian purposes of the Gaelic Athletic Association. Then came the turn of the Young Ireland Society —a band of harmless romantic dreamers—and, finally, the greater part of the conspiracy was, without attracting the attention of the outer world, carried on behind the branches of another association of impracticable visionaries—the now

notorious Shinn Fane. Here is how the system worked. The Circles of the I.R.B. being independent of each other, the detection of one—should Dublin Castle deem it politic to "detect"—could compromise none outside its own members. Each club, or rather branch, of an openly constituted club has its own name, and is attached to an I.R.B. Circle, outsiders, of course, being able to distinguish the one from the other. The club is not the Circle—only a portion thereof. The members of the branch of the Shinn Fane are not compelled to join the Circle of the I.R.B., but association and the force of opinion almost invariably drive the whole of the one into the other. Since the reawakening of the conspiracy the constitution of the I.R.B. has undergone some important modifications. A system of decentralisation in the administration of the organisation has been developed since the German influence was definitely imported into it in 1913. The date more than suggests that Germany, the year before the war, was reorganising, both in Ireland and the United States, the wings of the Irish Revolutionary Society to her own purpose. When I learned in May, 1913, that German Staff officers had been touring Ireland, I said to my old friend General Sir Alfred Turner, "This means business; the German eagle is poising for a swoop." The constitution of the I.R.B. of to-day is strongly suspect of Teutonic systematic thoroughness. I succeeded, while engaged on my Shinn Fane mission last September, in obtaining a copy of the code of laws adopted by the Divisional Executive of the Munster Province of the I.R.B. Here are some interesting extracts from the code through which the Shinn Fane or I.R.B. was ruled by certain luckless patriots who were recently interviewed in Dublin by a firing party:—1. No man is to be admitted into the I.R.B. or to be recognised as a citizen or soldier of the Republic until he has taken the oath of allegiance to the Irish Republic, *which will be declared within six months following the outbreak of war between England and Germany.** Previous to administering the oath of allegiance the man's name shall be proposed and seconded as a fit and

* The period expanded to the autumn of last year when I resolved to go over to Ireland. Then the premature circulation of what I called in my ignored report the "Fiery Cross Manifesto" postponed the declaration of the very last of the globe's Republics. Finally the event took place on May 1st, 1916.

proper person to become a member at an ordinary meeting of the Circle, and if a majority of those present vote in favour of his admission, the oath can be administered. 2. No man, however, if a member of any factional or non-Republican association, to be enlisted until he has first broken off his connection with such association.

7. Every member is bound to protect the secrets and guard the safety of the I.R.B. Any member speaking of its secrets to persons outside its ranks, or neglecting to report a brother member so doing to his knowledge, is to be expelled the ranks of the I.R.B.

11. Every Circle is to be divided into "companies." "A" company is to consist of not less than eighty men—to be expanded to two hundred and fifty—and is to be under the control of an officer, who shall be entitled a "B" or captain. A Circle is to consist of not less than eleven hundred men, and is commanded by a Centre, or Commandant,* who will be addressed in the I.R.B. as the "A."

14. Every Circle shall be governed by an executive of three—the Centre, Secretary, and Treasurer.

The duties of the "A" are to receive all information and instruction for his Circle, to conduct all correspondence for his command, to settle all disputes between his "B's" and his "C's" (sergeants),† to be responsible for the safe keeping of all war material for the Circle, to expel or otherwise punish all offenders in the Circle, to superintend the election of a "B" for each company, to issue orders for all general meetings of the members, and to appoint a vigilance committee in his unit.

18. The duties of the Secretary are to receive and keep an account of all money paid by the "B's," and hand it over to the Treasurer.

19. The duties of the Treasurer are to receive from the Secretary all subscriptions received within the Circle, and place the same in the hands of Trustees duly elected; and to receive the same from the Trustees whenever required by the Centre for the purchase of war material should a favourable opportunity occur for so doing.

* This looks suspiciously alike to the organisation of a German battalion.

† Very Irish this, and not at all German, where officers and non-coms. cannot indulge in disputes, and is quite different from the old I.R.B. organisation as I knew it when with General Buller in Kerry in 1886.

The whereabouts of the arms of the Circle shall only be known to the executive of the unit, the Commandant, Secretary, and Treasurer.

34. No stranger presenting himself to any Centre, unless properly accredited as a messenger from a "V," or as a member in danger of arrest, shall be received or recognised by such Centre.

41. Every Centre shall appoint a Vigilance Committee of not less than three or more than nine members, who shall be known to no member or officer of the Circle but the Commandant.

43. The members of the Vigilance Committee shall be unknown to each other. No member shall know any other member save the Vigilance "B," unless two members are required to perform any duty beyond the power of one to accomplish, in which case the Vigilance "B" shall introduce the two members to each other.

46. Should the Centre of the Circle discover that the identity of the Vigilance Committee, or any member thereof, is known to any member of his Circle, he shall forthwith disband the said Vigilance Committee and form a new one.

47. A black list of all traitors, spies, and other criminals against the I.R.B. will be placed in the hands of each Centre, who shall read it to all the members of his Circle; any members known to hold correspondence or intercourse with any man whose name appears on the black list, to be immediately expelled, and never readmitted into the I.R.B.

48. *It shall be the duty of every Centre to forward to his own "V" for transmission to the President of Public Safety all cases of treachery, etc., in his Circle with an accurate description of the offenders, and it shall be the duty of every Centre to preserve the black list given to him for reference whenever needed.*

49. Any Centre or other member of *the Circle's Executive losing or mislaying any dangerous document, such as these rules, to be for ever expelled from the ranks of the I.R.B.*

GOD SAVE IRELAND!

Rules 41 to 48 of the Code in force in the Province of Munster, it will be perceived, provide for the establishment

and organisation of an I.R.B. secret police; and especially rule 48, with its ominous reference to that body, which in the conspiracy is styled with grim irony the Committee of Public Safety, may be regarded as a key to the lurid cloud of mystery that surrounded the circumstances of certain murders which have puzzled the authorities during the last half-dozen years in Dublin, Galway, and in Kerry. These deeds, as well as several others, which, being unsuccessful attempts at assassination, have attracted less attention, have in no small wise aided the invisible Directory in maintaining its sway over the conspiracy, as they have shown in fearful earnest with what willingness and ability instruments can be found to deal with those who have incurred its vengeance, or even suspicion. The power of this secret Directory was simply autocratic. It wielded a marvellous influence over the mass of dupes it controlled, an influence ludicrously out of proportion to the ability or personal character of those who commanded it. Down below in the rank and file of the Shinn Fane or the I.R.B.—for be it always remembered that both mean one and the same—and above them again among the various grades of the organisation a profound mystery attached itself to the Supreme Directory, and impossible societies of distinguished Irishmen were believed to meet together in the Council Chamber to discuss in all its bearings the secret alliance between Hun and Hibernian. The proclamation of a short-lived Irish Republican Government disclosed the identity of the august hierarchy, whose rule over the Shinn Fane was expressed in a maxim which was rigidly adhered to, *viz.*, THE END JUSTIFIES THE MEANS. Who were they? A petty newspaper shop proprietor, a brace of schoolmasters, half a dozen young civilians whose poetic talents were tempered by fierce desire to undertake the direction of military operations evolved from their inner consciousness, and, lastly, John McBride, whilom commander in the Boer War of a Falstaffian Brigade of exactly ninety-one officers and men, and who, after successfully dodging the hangman in Ireland, was amnestied, and retired to France, where, Saturday eve, he with hearty vigour larruped his wife, beautiful daughter and heiress of a former Colonel of our "White Uhlans"—the 17th Lancers. Of course, by this time another Shinn Fane or I.R.B. Directory has been constituted, one which

will be equally blown out with its own self-importance, for the Dublin fiasco has by no means disposed of Irish conspiracy. Rather has it been driven into more subterranean channels, until we are rudely reminded of its continued existence by some startling event, and then we all over here in the thriving market towns of London and Westminster will look at each other and, shaking our noddles, mutter: "Well, now, who would have thought it?"

The Directory, the military ability of which would have been laughed to scorn by the junta of any of the periodical revolutions in the most tin-pot of Central American Republics, used, as connecting links with the units of the society, a species of travelling inspectors of Circles known as Provincial Organisers or "V." It was through discovering the identity of one of these gentry that last September I was enabled to satisfy myself as to the complicity of the admirable Mr. Koenig, late lessee of the South-Western Railway, Killarney, with the surreptitious disposal of petrol to an enemy submarine. This by the way.

Now the question will be asked, "Is the Shinn Fane, or its now openly-revealed actuating force the I.R.B., scotched for some years to come?" To which I unhesitatingly reply, "Not a bit of it!" As long as this organisation exists the security of Ireland remains in deadly peril. In my report, which for some weird and wonderful reason was ignored by the authorities directly concerned, I insisted that in the Shinn Fane sphere of influence in Western Kerry, the feeling was predominant in favour of the chances of a successful German raid. I have always maintained that in dealing with this particular danger our special difficulty will arise from the sea-fogs which with lightning-like celerity cloak the harbour-indented coast of Connaught and Munster. Here is a concrete and not generally known instance: A few years past, at the annual Naval Manœuvres, the problem to be solved was to smuggle a squadron inferior in gun power, and considerably inferior in speed, into Killary Harbour (a bay some twenty miles north of the little island upon which the writer first saw the light) in the face of the hostility of a superior foe against which the first-mentioned fleet was pitted. With one accord it was said by everyone from admiral to "snotty," that the task was humanly impossible; for that

on the arrival of fleet number one, fleet number two would be in waiting, and would theoretically send to blazes the raiders. And such it would have been, but for the weather. I laid an even sovereign with a captain of No. 2 fleet that the invaders would dodge the blockaders—and I won. For I smelt the approach of one of my native fogs. When number one approached the entrance to Killary Harbour there descended an aqueous mantle so thick that it was nigh impossible to see the stern of the ship next ahead at one cable interval. As had been anticipated by the admiral of the raiding squadron, No. 2 fleet was awaiting the arrival of the "enemy." But, screened by the timely fog, number one made good the duty it had been called to perform; and when morning broke, number two had the mortification to see her adversaries snugly and safely ensconced in the bay to which they could never have attained had it not been for the elusive West Irish sea-fog. A raid brought off under these favouring conditions and an anti-English conspiracy pervading the hinterland of Connaught and Ulster—such is still one of the surprises that might be sprung upon us in the war of surprises.

For Ireland, as I write, is, in the west and south, seething with a rebellious movement scattered in its elements, but awaiting the first opportunity to reunite. The Home Rule party is regarded by the Shinn Faners as having been gradually monopolised by ultra-Conservative influences. When engaged on my Irish mission for the Anti-German Union last autumn, I heard a Shinn Fane organiser tell his audience that the aspirations of the New Ireland movement are not heeded or even understood by the Redmonds or Devlins. In the speech of this firebrand a significant expression of policy was disclosed: "We allow John Redmond to hold the form of authority while we are preparing our own course." That this was not mere talking "hot air" is shown by the completeness with which the Provisional Government sprang into being. Long before the "Irish Republic" emerged it had existed below the surface. The rally of the youth of the country to the standard of rebellion was foretold in 1913 to German Staff officers by Casement; the postage stamps and the flags of the new republic were all there; and even Mr. William O'Brien and Mr. Dillon were so completely out of touch

with this subterranean business in active progress in their midst that they accepted the information on the Shinn Fane supplied to Mr. Redmond by Mr. Birrell, although the late Chief Secretary knew less about the real potentialities of the Shinn Fane than I did before I proceeded to get the threads of the conspiracy into my hands. The catching and shooting of a few spring poets will not, as supposed by the English Press, ensure the collapse of the I.R.B. disguised as Shinn Faners. Rather will the deep spirit of Celtic revenge induced by these fusilladings act as an effective recruiting agent for the Circles of the Brotherhood. And that Brotherhood emphasises the influence of Socialistic principles upon the Irish youth. For let it be clearly understood by my readers that this latest departure in Irish conspiracy is pure Socialism, and as such appeals to those optimistic Celts who fondly believe that everyday economic problems would be solved by the State —as represented by the long-plotted-for Irish Republic— which would become a benevolent partner in everybody's business. Surely, to arrive at such a desirable consummation, "it's worth while codding the Germans a bit," said, with a meaning droop of his left eyelid, a light of the Shinn Fane hierarchy to me last year in Tralee. And this is the really dangerous spirit which the Irish authorities will find, sooner or later, is the actuating factor of the conspiracy. And the ghastly irony of it is that this Socialistic madness in the sister isle has been nourished for military purposes by the most autocratic and anti-Socialistic sovereignty on the face of our distracted globe. The Grosser Generalstab in Berlin have, in the Irish adventure, subordinated military policy to a political consideration, and the higher command still, from that point of view, look on a diversion in Ireland as being of the first importance. The Germans cling obstinately to the designs they have conceived, and which seem to them propitious from the very fact that they have germinated in their own minds. It is a fixed idea in Berlin that the Irish conspiracy will be speedily reconstituted, so I expect to learn any day that the Kaiser's secret agents have embarked upon a new career of activity in the perturbed sister isle, in virtue of the thorough-going Teutonic principle that elements of trouble among the enemy must always be exploited.

The Eye of the Navy

By D. Hugh Sway

Now that the spectre of disaster raised by the extraordinary tone of the first announcement issued by the Admiralty to the Press has faded into the assurance of victory, it is to be hoped that in the general sensation of relief which the publication of the whole truth has brought us the lessons to be gathered from the Battle of Horn Reef will not be lost sight of by our Government.

It is not open to doubt that the enemy cruisers creeping northwards were informed by their aerial scouts of the proximity of Admiral Beatty's unsupported squadron. Through them it was also known that the main body of the British Fleet under Admiral Jellicoe was many miles away. The Zeppelins, with their unlimited range of vision and their wireless installations, were the eyes of the German ships, while Admiral Beatty was forced to rely upon the limited slow speed of his sea scouts. Had the British Navy been supplied with airships equal to the Zeppelins or superior to them, Admiral Jellicoe would have been able to join the battle in time to inflict severe punishment, and possibly to annihilate the German naval forces. But as they have been sufficiently crippled to check their audacity for some time to come we have now an opportunity, better late than never, to render our Navy superior to that of our enemies in this respect as in all others.

We use the word "superior" advisedly, for we need not only Zeppelins, but super-Zeppelins. At present the Germans have by years of labour, encouraged by the State, by constant practice since the war began, succeeded in evolving a type of airship which gives them complete mastery of the air so far. This ascendancy may not have given our enemies any great advantage from the military point of view. In none of the raids upon our shores have the Zeppelins succeeded in inflicting serious damage. Our historical monuments are still intact, so are our munition works and barracks. But the advantage they confer upon our foes when it comes to naval operations is undeniable. It has been proved by the Battle of Horn Reef, and every subsequent conflict upon the sea will demonstrate it more clearly.

We cannot afford to leave our Navy in its present state of semi- if not total myopia. As long as we labour under this disability it is highly improbable that we shall attain our main object—the destruction of German naval power.

Unfortunately, the blindness from which our Navy suffers is merely the lamentable result of equal, and, we fear, inveterate blindness, among those Government officials who are responsible for the equipment and efficency of our Fleet as far as its *matériel* is concerned. It is absurd to contend that it is now too late to wrest from the Germans their pre-eminence in aerial navigation. But before we give eyes to our Fleet we must cure the purblindness of the bureaucrats in the Admiralty who have consistently during the past six or seven years not only refused to admit the utility of airships, but set themselves to obstruct in every possible way their construction by private enterprise.

It appeared early in 1913 as if the Admiralty officials had at last realised the error of their obstinacy, for they then authorised the great armament firm, Sir William Armstrong, Whitworth and Co., to construct a dirigible airship of the Zeppelin type, modified to suit the requirements of the British Navy. It was to be built under the supervision of Sir Philip Watts, Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Ottley, Sir Percy Girouard, and the officers of the Air Department of the Admiralty, who had accepted the design and specifications thereof.

Following upon this order, Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth purchased a large tract of arable land near Selby, in Yorkshire, ejected the existing farmers, felled trees, built roads, sheds, plant, etc., necessary to carry out the rapid building of airships for the Government. Subsequently, in February, 1914, when the work was in full swing, the Admiralty suddenly discovered that they did not need airships! As a result, it was suspended, and all hands dismissed. A few weeks later, on March 17th, Mr. Winston Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, made a speech in which he referred with derision to the supposed utility of airships. "Any hostile aircraft," he declared, "which might reach our shores during the coming year would be promptly attacked by a swarm of formidable hornets."

On several other occasions Mr. Winston Churchill, who is a valuable politician of the "blue-skies" school, has publicly expressed his contempt for aerial machines constructed

with a view to long flight and high speed. More than any other Cabinet Minister is he responsible for the blindness of our Navy. During his tenure of office at the Admiralty he invariably refused to advocate the evolution or organisation of an adequate and homogeneous aerial fleet for the protection of our shores and our ships. He discouraged any such project on the score of expense, and ruthlessly crushed any interest shown by his subordinates towards new inventions or ideas in the domain of aerial navigation.

We will confine ourselves to one such instance. In October, 1914, at the time when Mr. Churchill, arrayed in a semi-naval uniform, was assuring the Municipal Authorities in Antwerp that he was going to save the city from the invaders, Lord Plymouth was giving his moral and financial assistance to a scheme for the construction of a fast and powerful sea-going super-plane, specially designed to carry a load of high explosives by a well-known aeronautical engineer whose plans had passed the tests imposed by the French military and naval experts. The work commenced in Paris had been transported to St. Fagan's Castle—Lord Plymouth's country seat—and was approaching completion when a peremptory order to stop the building of the airships came from the Admiralty. No reasons were given by Mr. Churchill for this arbitrary interference with a private enterprise. The work which would have endowed our Fleet with the eyes it still lacks was thereupon abandoned; nor was the engineer permitted to continue it elsewhere under direct supervision of the Admiralty, to whom he offered his services. Besides the important task of aerial reconnaissance at sea, this flying machine was destined by its inventor to be the pioneer of an aerial offensive, whose object would have been to drop bombs on the Kiel Canal, Essen, and other strongholds within our enemy's frontiers—an adventure for which our existing aeroplanes are not adapted. In sharp contrast to the hostility of the British Admiralty is the importance attached by Germany to the invention of this engineer, for after several ineffectual efforts made during Zeppelin raids upon Paris, a bomb was finally dropped upon the sheds where this particular airship was in process of materialisation before the war broke out. out. Ignorant of the fact of its removal to England, they determined to strangle the super-Zeppelin at its birth. That task, however, was performed by Mr. Winston Churchill.

There Resteth to Serbia a Glory——

By Alice and Claude Askew

The battle of Kossovo, on June 15th (old style) in 1389 plunged the entire nation into mourning, for practically the whole of Serbia's manhood perished on the fatal plain. The Turks took possession not only of Serbia, but of Hungary, and all the valley of the Danube; and during the next four centuries (1400-1804) Serbia suffered cruelly at the hands of her foes, but the women who sang the old battle-songs to their children kept the national spirit alive; the day came round at last when the Serbs were enabled to throw off the Turkish yoke, to regain their freedom, and then the poetical nature of the Serb displayed itself in the yearly commemoration of Kossovo. Men and women mourned for the dead heroes with a fine sincerity—the cavaliers who had perished nobly over five hundred years ago; they talked with an intimate knowledge of the fight that made the green plain, according to an old Turkish chronicler, like a tulip-bed—a tulip-bed composed of severed heads and rolling turbans, they praised King Lazar and the hero, Milos Obilick, with tears in their eyes.

Most people know something about the tragedy of the Serbian retreat, but the tragedies that took place at Corfu are also great in number, for here the Serbian Army had to watch their stricken comrades dying in their thousands. The total number of deaths slightly exceeds 20,000, and these were the men who had struggled so hard for their lives—men who had hoped, the trials and perils of the march over, to regain their strength at Corfu.

The British soldiers we met on the island had grim tales to tell about the terrible condition of the Serbs when they first began to land there. One hefty young transport driver grew curiously eloquent as he described some of the men he had helped to feed on their arrival.

"They crowded round us, smelling the food as it were, their eyes wolfish with hunger, the bones showing through

their skin—tattered skeletons. They pushed; they almost fought to get at the bread, but directly some of the poor chaps put a bit into their mouths they choked an' died. They couldn't swallow, they were too far gone." Our friend paused, his face hardened. "The Bulgars have got to pay for all this later on; they will have to face us as well as the Serbs, an' by God they shall pay." His eyes, his voice suddenly got very soft and pitiful. "An' the Serbs don't know even yet what's going on at home. Rape and bloodshed most like, an' their kids starving; their little plots of land made waste ground—ain't it awful? What should we be feeling, I wonder, if a whole pack of Huns an' Bulgars had been let loose in England an' no army left to fight 'em, 'cos we were all somewhere else? I don't know how we'd stand the thoughts of our women——." He paused, and did not finish his sentence, but his speech only reflected the general attitude of mind that our troops out here have for the Serbs. They not only admire them as brave men, but they feel a great compassion for the exiles; they want to fight with them shoulder to shoulder in the future; they are filled with a generous desire to avenge Serbia's wrongs.

The Serbs respond whole-heartedly to the British. Curious little friendships have struck up between Serbs and Englishmen; they talk in a funny broken language; they swear by each other; they are pals in the truest sense of the word. The two races are both a little shy of the French, and savagely contemptuous of the Greeks, but full of mutual esteem, mutual trust.

We are glad ourselves to have said good-bye to Corfu and sailed with the Serbian Army to Salonika, for here we see fine sunburnt troops, the tall khaki-clad hardy soldiers who have regained their strength; we have left the sickly and the dying behind; we have got into a fighting atmosphere once more; we have turned our backs on hospitals and graveyards and disease.

But we cannot forget the men left behind at Corfu—the six thousand odd soldiers who still fill the hospitals, and are taking their time to die, for the seal of death is upon most of these poor fellows; they lie utterly spent and exhausted upon their beds, so emaciated by the privations they have undergone that in many cases their arms, even

their wasted legs, are no thicker than a woman's wrist. They are so weak that they cannot lift a weary hand to brush the flies away that settle on their faces, but they smile gratefully at the doctors and nurses, who, alas! can do so little for them, and they die very quietly, for the same wonderful patience distinguishes them in their death agony as in life.

Up at one of the English hospitals at Corfu—a hospital we were specially interested in—it was found a difficult matter after a time to procure wood for coffins, so twigs had to be sought and long coffins made of basket-work, otherwise the dead would have had to be buried merely in their winding-sheets.

The soldiers who died in their thousands on the Island of Vido had their bodies mostly committed to the sea; but it is generally felt now that this was a mistake, for later on the relatives of these dead heroes may desire to visit their graves, but there was not even a green plot of earth to be found for those starved victims of the march, or the cholera and the typhus patients. They were given to the sea and the fishes.

A few days before we left Corfu, however, a moving ceremony took place on Vido. A nursing sister—all honour to the gentle womanly instinct—and two or three young Red Cross men felt that it would be a fitting tribute to put up a simple little grey stone cross to the memory of the Serbs who had died on the island.

A cross was raised, a small, most unpretentious cross and a pope of the Greek Church undertook to dedicate the cross and say a mass. Quite by accident, the Prince Regent heard of the proposed simple little ceremony. Deeply touched, Alexander announced his intention of attending the dedication service, and what was to have been a simple service became a great function.

The Prince Regent arrived on the deserted island—for Vido has had to be abandoned, having become such a plague-spot—he brought all his staff with him, and English and French Generals and officers came over, and leading Greeks from Corfu. For a little while Vido was crowded whilst a great circle did honour to the dead; but by nightfall the island was left once more to its solemn peace.

The pale moonbeams played softly round the little stone

cross raised to the memory of the Serbian dead, and the lapping waves sang a gentle requiem; but no other sound broke the silence that has settled over Vido, and no other sound will ever break it. Here is, indeed, the silence of deep sleep.

A little stone cross, and no more fitting monument could have been raised to the men who perished on Vido than this simple cross, for the soldiers who drew their last breath on the island were very simple, humble men; the only lesson they thoroughly understood, perhaps, was how to do their duty—how to die uncomplainingly for Serbia.

They were just peasants—poet peasants who had become soldiers at their country's call. They had been fighting for a great many years some of them, and they were all very weary, and far from their wives and their children, and their homes; so doubtless it was not difficult to die, and we can well believe that they saw Jesus, the Carpenter's son —Christ, the son of God, hanging on His cross, as they gave up their breath, and that the peasant of Galilee led these brave, simple souls into His Father's mansions :—

There resteth to Serbia a glory,
A glory that shall not grow old;
There remaineth to Serbia a story,
A tale to be chanted and told!
They are gone to their graves grim and gory,
The beautiful, brave, and bold;
But out of the darkness and desolation
Of the mourning heart of a widow'd nation,
Their memory waketh an exultation!

History continues to repeat itself. These Serbian lines, so ably translated by Owen Meredith, apply just as well to the men who have perished during the present war as to the cavaliers of Kossovo; for there, indeed, rests a glory to Serbia at the present moment, she is glorified through her dead. Not a life laid down—either on the battlefield, during the retreat or on the isle of refuge—can be considered a wasted life, for the men who have been spared from the red reaping and the generations yet unborn will not lightly forget these soldiers. Like the heroes of Kossovo they will be honoured and mourned eternally by their nation; their names, like stars, will circle Serbia's forehead when she once more rises from the dust.

For she will rise; the soldiers waiting restlessly at Salonika, the resurrected Serbian army, have no doubt at all

on that point, for they believe in God; they believe in justice; and they also have, notwithstanding our failure to support them last year, a most intense belief in England. But we, for our own part, must take it as a most solemn duty and trust, not to expose all that is left of the Serbian army to an over-rigorous campaign, nor to strike till by mere force of arms we are certain of victory in the Balkans. It would never do to sacrifice this little handful of Serbs, whose one idea now is to hurl themselves at the Bulgars and force a path home, to win at any cost, for it must not be forgotten that nearly all Serbia's manhood is stationed at Salonika. Her army represents the nation's life, and this army must be guarded—preserved. The Allies dare not, for very honour's sake, allow any undue risks to be taken by the Serbs when the advance is made; they owe it to the Serbian dead to do their duty by the Serbian living.

"There resteth to Serbia a glory." Ah! but a glory not fully understood even by her friends; for over and over again, since the Hun and Bulgar conquest, she has been spoken of as a dead nation by those who should know better, for nations like Serbia do not die. No conqueror can stamp out a divine spark, the sacred fire of freedom; no ruthless oppressor can rob Serbia of her martyred sons, for they have joined the ranks of the immortals, and the womb of Serbia will bear fruit in the future, and the children sucking at her breasts will listen to what their mother is singing:

Yea, so long as a babe shall be born,
Or there resteth a man in the land—
So long as a blade of corn
Shall be reapèd by a human hand—
So long as the grass shall grow
On the mighty plain of Kossovo—
So long, so long, even so,
Shall the glory of those remain
Who this day in battle were slain.

Industrial France since the War

By André Lebon

(Ex-Minister of Commerce.)

Cardinal Richelieu, the greatest of our statesmen, and one who knew us well, said of us that "our enemies, unable to take adequate measures against our constant changes of policy, could not find time either to profit by our faults."

These words of Louis XIII.'s celebrated Minister came into my mind while thinking over a few aspects of the present industrial position in France. Foreigners, struck principally by the gay good-humour and the impulsive genius of the French race, are too apt to reproach us with lightness and frivolity. The accusation is exaggerated, if not unjust, for when needed we display qualities the exact opposite of these superficial faults. Yet whatever may be thought on this subject, no one can deny to the French race an extraordinary facility in adapting itself at once to the most unforeseen circumstances, no matter how critical or how grievous these may be. The happenings in the industrial world during the last twenty months stand for proof.

One may say that in August, 1914, nearly everyone shared in the fundamental error of the military and economic authorities—viz., that the war, by throwing into the field tremendous masses of men armed with the most terrible weapons of destruction and at a staggering money-cost, must necessarily be short and crushing.

From this mistaken idea came that other error which prevailed in our army organisation before the war—viz., that all workshops must be instantly closed and every man hurried to the frontiers so as to stem the invasion; with the inevitable result that, six months after the declaration of war, we found ourselves not merely impoverished through the occupation of our manufacturing departments of the north and east, but also because all our other com-

mercial and agricultural industries were suddenly brought to a standstill by the mobilisation of their best hands, engineers, overseers, and others, who had been called to the colours. A few exceptions had been made for a limited number of factories working solely for the army, but one single example will show how restricted these exceptions were. The heads of departments, whose business it was to judge, estimated the number of shells required at ten times less than the daily need proved to be, with the result that the production of one particular type of shell was ten times less than the artillery called for.

Thus in September, 1914, all industrial civil life was shut down, and the industrial life of the army was most inadequately provided for. We may take it that out of every hundred pre-war workmen, twenty-four were mobilised, but the disorganisation thus caused in the workshops obliged half at least of these to close. Forty-two workmen found themselves thrown out, and only thirty-four continued in employment. The disaster was great, and the social misery which must necessarily follow was to be dreaded from many points of view.

Nevertheless, fifteen months later, in January, 1915, official statistics proved that enforced idleness had completely disappeared. More than this: if to the number of those at work you add the 24 per cent. with the army, you find the total number of these and those to have increased by 1 per cent. in comparison with the normal number. And this in spite of salaries, on the whole, higher than in pre-war days, the reason being that, to supply the demand, it was necessary to increase the hours of work and to raise the minimum wage. Again, the Army would only consent to release the most indispensable specialists in each trade; a large number of women were therefore taken on to replace the ordinary workmen. Nearly 110,000 women were employed at one and the same time in the factories working for the artillery and the engineers, and many others, with the object of entering civil industries, were being taught trades from which hitherto they had been excluded. Certain factories even transformed their entire plant so as to make it easier of manipulation by feminine fingers. The hat factories, for instance, substituted aluminium shapes for the much heavier shapes in zinc.

Results such as these have only been obtained by an immense and costly effort: on the part of the workmen who have adapted themselves to new conditions; on the part of the women who have undertaken manual labour; and on the part of those captains of industry who have either brought their old machinery up to date for dealing with new needs, or who have constructed immense new factories in order to provide the country with those goods which up to now she has lacked.

France thus presents the following paradox: At the very moment that the German occupation deprives her of two-thirds of her raw and semi-raw materials, and she is obliged in consequence to beg for coal and iron and steel from England and the United States—a condition of things which has contributed not a little to prolong in England the erroneous idea that we are not an industrial people—she forges new tools so as to become, and actually does become, a greater manufacturing and industrial country than ever before.

And do not make any mistake: this transformation, or, more correctly stated, this addition of new centres of industry to pre-existing ones, is no temporary expedient, but is inspired by the desire to prepare a permanent future. The Frenchman is not wasteful by nature—not, at least, in his private life. One might even reproach him with being too close-fisted in business questions, and not looking far enough ahead. But in the present circumstances his traditional instinct has been a sure guide. He realises that since necessity forces him to an immense effort of reorganisation, it is just as well to arrange to profit by this when the war is over, so that France on the cessation of hostilities should find herself—putting aside the ruined edifices in the north and east, which must be rebuilt—in the possession of more modern machinery and of an organisation better fitted for Army needs than ever before.

Here is an instance, very much to the point, which has just come under my personal observation. The manager of a certain factory which had fallen into the hands of the Germans found himself alone in Paris without the support of a single one of his directors, all of whom were retained as hostages by the enemy, but in a Paris bank stood £4,000 belonging to the company. There was no one to give him

orders, no one to whom he could ask advice except one of the company's largest shareholders who was living near him. This did not trouble him. Strong in the approval of the single shareholder, he decided to use the £4,000 in the construction of a shell factory. But with an eye on the future he fitted up this factory with machinery of a superior type to that strictly necessary for the immediate object in view, in order to utilise later these machines for the production of goods which France needed before the war, and which are the normal complement of the ordinary work which this company produces.

An intelligent, determined, and far-seeing man, this manager; nor is he the only one of his kind.

You may be sure that if France has set herself to produce daily almost twice the number of shells that Lloyd George can turn out from his munition factories—shells of which a large part are destined for our Allies—she has no intention of letting her energies slack later on during the campaigns of peace.

These efforts, we must not forget, have been the work of private individuals, as much, or perhaps more so, than of public bodies. Not only have the State arsenals been reorganised for increased production, but private workshops have been reorganised more radically still.

Here is the procedure followed :—With the exception of Paris, where the Government has, in general, dealt directly with the hundreds of big manufacturers who live there, the rest of France has been divided up into fifteen districts. At the head of each district is a representative man chosen from the most important manufacturers round about. With him alone the Government draws up its contracts, and he undertakes to find, even if necessary to create, every requisite appliance for the complex manufacture of shells. All sub-contracts he carries through by himself.

As regards the other things we lack, such as heavy artillery, tools and materials for trench-making, gun-carriages, chemicals employed in explosives, etc., the course followed has been different. Under the management of first-rate civil engineers, manufactories have arisen perfect in every detail, and many of the greatest importance in output. In some cases these have received direct financial support from the State. In others they have worked on ordinary busi-

ness contracts to deliver goods. In all cases, of course, the work is done under the strict control of State inspectors, who are required to verify every detail and every stage in the quality of the output.

It is not easy to imagine the various difficulties which had to be overcome in order to accomplish this national work. To the difficulties of obtaining the enormous quantities of iron, coal, and steel needed, of which the invasion had deprived us, must be added those relating to labour and transport.

Although the workers, with a splendid devotion to the interests of their country, have given the go-by to all their trade union rules, nevertheless the insufficiency of their numbers has necessitated the taking on of foreigners and colonials.

Serious complications have also occurred in the railway world. Held up at first, from the point of view of civilian requirements, on account of the mobilisation and the concentration of troops, upset later on by the daily increasing numbers of the commissariat, equipment, and munition trains which had to be dispatched every day, embarrassed by the loss of one-seventh of the rolling stock which fell into the enemy's hands during the first weeks of the war, the railway service had to meet not only all these demands—an increase of 50 per cent. above the normal traffic, and of 67 per cent. on certain lines—but also demands of an entirely new nature because of the new directions which the trains had to take.

But it is thanks to this marvellous initiative, to these stupendous financial sacrifices, that France "at the back of the Front" has assumed just as much as the boys in the trenches her share in the responsibilities of the defence.

It would not be in the interests of the public to give the actual results obtained by this industrial revolution. Suffice it to say that in place of one single shell made for the Soixante Quinze on August 1st, 1914, we turn out to-day 35·7, while the increase for the heavy guns is from 1 to 54·5.

Thus during the last twenty months a new industrial France has come into being alongside of the old one. She will constitute one of the most important factors in the coming economic relations between the Allies.

Iniquitous as it would be—I hope I have already shown you this?—not to make over to the manufactories of the invaded departments all the war indemnities to which they have a right, as well as to allow them sufficient time to recover their equilibrium, it would be more foolish still, commercially, socially, and politically, to seek to break the wings or stop the upward spring of this new France born of the miraculous vitality of our ancient race.

Commercially, it would be idiotic—just at the moment when, according to Mr. Hughes, Prime Minister of Australia, the whole world will be appreciably poorer—not to utilise the capital, machinery, and labour improvised during the war to re-establish as quickly as may be the former standard of comfort.

Socially, one could not, without risk, force back into worse labour conditions, at a lower scale of pay, those men and women who have since the war acquired a taste for work and pay of a higher class.

And, to conclude, it would be politically an unpardonable fault to destroy the industrial centres which have risen all over France, and to dope again into slumber those cities which are just awakening to modern life. And this would be still worse, so far as our foreign policy is concerned, were there grounds for thinking that any one of our Allies, no matter how admired and loved to-day, could desire, at the back of his mind, to snatch a war-profit to our disadvantage or to push his business plans to the detriment of ours.

Which is not, of course, to say that we are independent of outside help for the development of our legitimate undertakings. But one must "scrap" the silly notion that England and France are complements one to the other; that the first personifies big industries, the second mere luxuries, although it is true that certain articles or certain series of articles do thus complement each other.

But it is to a very different order of ideas that a closer alliance of their material interests is to be discerned, although before the financial settlement of the present war can be duly drawn up it is too soon to speak of this.

The Balance of Power

By Austin Harrison

In the twenty-third month of the war, which is rather a physical movement of Peoples than a war in the old professional or Princely sense, the Democracy of Britain is still trying to understand what it is fighting for, what, to be exact, are the ends proclaimed in magnificent language by Mr. Asquith, short of which we will "never sheathe the sword." To answer merely Victory is not enough—all nations who go to war fight for victory, which is the platitude of war—because, apart from the difficulty of defining victory, of agreeing among ourselves, that is, what constitutes a sufficiency of defeat, we have to-day to face the nature of war in modern conditions; which, as it has upset all preconceived notions of warfare, so may not improbably upset all preconceived notions of the results of war, both positive and consequential.

The positive results of war are, of course, conquest or absolute victory. History books are filled with the theme. To the average man, history is little else than a record of battles, and the names we know best in this world are those of the men who won them. Cæsar, Hannibal, Napoleon, Nelson, Wellington, etc., these men are the creators of power; it is the legacy of their works which has taught us the doctrine of the Balance of Power, which is the cause of the European war.

But war seldom has positive results, and even the positive results have no permanency. What lives of Cæsar is his lucid history. Napoleon has left a code and a system of roads. Even the creators of power leave but the epitaph —of themselves. The Balance remains a balance, like all things human on this globe.

Most wars, in short, end in purely temporary results, as the history of the last fifty years shows only too signifi-

cantly. France was not smashed by Bismarck in 1870; she was only temporarily incapacitated; to-day she lives, more glorious than ever and more powerful. The Russo-Japanese war ended in negative victory. The Bulgars, forced a couple of years ago to their knees by conquering Serbia and Greece, to-day swarm over an absolutely conquered Serbia, while Turkey, similarly thrashed out of Europe, has inflicted two of the greatest defeats upon British arms in our annals.

There is no need to continue. War, which is the expression or ultimate reason of diplomacy, settles then, as we see few things, and settles those but temporarily. And this is naturally the case. War is the energy of man. As there is nothing final, nothing stable, nothing permanent, so there is, and can be, no stability or permanency of human energy. There is consequently no such thing as equality. Without the idea of permanency, equality obviously can have no reality. And as energy is the equation or significance of Man, so force is his expression; and as Power is thus the significance of Peoples in accordance with the principles of man collectively and nationally asserted, so war is, in the last instance, the expression of nationality, from which conception or ratification of the ethics of force we have the doctrine of the Balance of Power and the present European system.

The Balance of Power in recent years seemed to denote progress. Men pointed to the diminution of points—national points—of danger. No doubt the word balance conveyed a reassuring idea : it had a judicial sound. And for some years the group system maintained the peace of Europe until the notion grew in England, that the group system had solved the question of war chiefly on the hypothetical ground that war by groups was too terrible a thing to contemplate. But on the Continent this delusion was never shared.

If, then, the ideas of men frequently carry them off the earth, the energy of men most certainly does not soar in the clouds. Our visionaries forgot that the groups were armed, and kept on arming, to the teeth, and that, if there were less individual nations to fear, the group system aimed at and rested solely on Power, the one balancing against the other. That was the position in Europe up to August,

1914. War came inevitably as the result of the European system, the two extremities having reached the point of collision. The Balance of Power could not endure any longer under its own fierce competitive tension. It broke down, as history has shown that peace does break down in periodical cycles as of inflated human energy which seeks a solution in violence.

Not everyone will admit this, of course. In time of war it is difficult to think dispassionately, and, in truth, we can honestly assert that we neither made the war nor desired it. But there is no need to inquire into the origins of the present conflagration. It is the struggle for Power, as the result of the system of Balance of Power, and that being incontestably so, it is clear that Power alone can decide it. The question we do not seem to grasp is the logic of this all-paramount situation. What constitutes victory? What is the minimum of defeat we can accept? And also, seeing that it is the direct concern of every man and woman in these Islands, what conditions could we accept in the event of a negative issue, and what use would they be to us? What, in short, is the irreducible minimum we are fighting for?

Granted a positive victory, the solution is clear enough —at any rate, for a certain number of years. The time has come, however, when we should throw off all delusions, and definitely make up our minds what it is we Allies mean by victory or a sufficiency of defeat. Now here plain speech is essential. Let us examine the definition of victory. It is perfectly simple.

To win the war, we have to defeat the German Armies on the field. We have to drive them out of the occupied lands that we have pledged ourselves to restore and exact retribution for; we have to crush the fighting energy of Central Europe, unless in the process of defeating the common enemy we can detach the hostile groups severally or collectively from their centre, which we rather vaguely designate as Prussia. So much is axiomatic. With those who imagine, after nearly two years of experience, that Germany can be starved out or smashed by any of the latent forces of war other than by violence, I do not propose to argue. Men who think like that either cannot, or will not, understand realities; they are not on earth. The axiom

of war then stands. Violence must be crushed by superior violence, or not at all. And this truth leads us to the conclusion we have all got to face: that to win the war we have to defeat the Germans, and so defeat them that they are compelled to accept the terms that we may see fit and well to impose upon them for the security of ourselves and of Europe.

That is our goal. We are pledged to win. The war must therefore continue until we have secured victory or the total defeat of the Germanic Armies.

I do not suppose any man seriously expects that we intend to, or can, physically crush Germany. To do that, we would have to annihilate the German Armies and sterilise the German women. It is not humanly possible or desirable. By victory, then, we do not mean the extinction of the German race. Our purpose is not to blot out the Huns from the map of Europe. It is to secure military victory—victory, that is, which leaves the Allied and conquering Balance of Power superior in force to the defeated group or balance, in order to redress the evil done and secure some relative standardisation of peace.

So long as the principle of Balance of Power is upheld. But that will not end war, or bring about the era of Peace we speak of, or even make for it. On the contrary. As force breeds force, so the Balance of Power stands for force. Change it about, and you have but a transvaluation of values. The reason, the equation of war, will remain, plus all the incentive of revenge which defeat necessarily generates in the vanquished, and so all the uncertainty which leads men to arm and prepare with all the attendant expenditure. When we speak of winning, it is this that we have to bear in mind. If the conditions of war are Power, then obviously it is the conditions that we have to remove, if the idea of Peace as an institution is to be other than a chimera. And if the war is to end merely in a shifting of the Balance of Power, then we shall discover only too soon that all our fine words and protestations have been in vain, and that war will continue to be man's final and national expression.

Unless humanity itself changes as the result of this war, and Kings and Emperors, soldiers and politicians, armament manufacturers and professors, youth and age agree

to agree to face the future in a contrite spirit of Pacifism. But that to me seems but a dream. All the evidence of history is against any such revolution of human thought and morals; moreover, it is diametrically opposed to all known laws—and they are laws—of human energy, which can never agree to agree because there is no finality, no permanency, no equality, no stability, so far as we know, in life or in the things of this cosmos. And even if it were so, and European humanity suddenly saw equally, judged equally, and thought equally as the result of the horrors of the present war, such morality will have no reason in any system based on the Balance of Power, which connotes force—whether by nation or group—as the controlling argument. Moreover, leave but a fragment of Power in the hands of any one Party, and there will arise opposition, rivalry, ambition, envy, *energy*, which will needs be suppressed in turn by energy, and so lead back again to the old conditions and balances. For this energy is life itself. Are we to imagine that the instincts and foundation springs of man will change as the result of cataclysm, however terrible? I cannot think so. I cannot believe that any man capable of clear thought does think so.

For the nonce all this is "future music." The immediate and only question for us is the war, with its corollary peace, as affected by the existing system of Balance of Power. I fear there are still important sections in this country who fail utterly to realise the significance of, and issues dependent on, the present upheaval.

Briefly stated, the Germans went to war to upset the Balance of Power in their favour. That was their avowed aim. In Germany the idea is known as Pan-Germanism. It is thus the aim and object of the Allies to frustrate the German intention by asserting and imposing their own physical superiority. Now follow the logical conclusion. It is this. The Balance of Power remains—we hope in our favour. That means that war remains with us, and armaments remain to meet war—in other words, the condition of war is reasserted.

For we have seen that Germany cannot be crushed, rendered innocuous, that is, for all time; so that unless we can bring about by force the disruption and disintegration of the German and Austrian Empires—and this

object can only be achieved (1) by the dismembership of the House of Austria, (2) by the forcible partition of what is to-day the German Empire—the maximum we can win to under the system of Balance of Power is, curtly stated, the assertion of the Allied supremacy of Power, thereby dislocating the Balance up to 1914 in favour of other Continental Balances; which end, however satisfactory immediately and morally, will in reality neither establish the security of such supremacy, seeing that no conditions are permanent and energy is naturally progressive and unreliable, nor in the least solve the great problem of how to put an end to war, for which object we appear to imagine we are fighting.

There are possibilities, of course. A European Federation is one. The establishment of a European Court of Justice is another, but this latter would seem merely a lawyer's expedient utterly incompatible with the teachings of history and the natural energies of Man. The idea of Federation will obviously depend on the nature of the end of the war or the degree of victory obtained. But I am not concerned with any Utopian conceptions of settling our poor humanity. I am looking at the war in the light of our working system, the Balance of Power, and I contend it is high time that this Democracy faced the gigantic problem before us as it is, and not as we fondly imagine it to be.

That problem is this: Under the present system of European Power, the war can only end with the assertion of supremacy of what we term the Balance of Power on the one side or the other, and this even if the war ends in stagnation or all-round exhaustion, which, again, is unlikely.

Fighting for Power or the dislocation of the old Balance, the German-Austrian group either obtains it or loses it. But as we cannot obliterate the Huns, so neither can they exterminate us. The system, therefore, will remain. If the Germans are utterly defeated, the Balance of Power will be adjusted in our favour, and to maintain that Balance we shall have not only to maintain the force necessary to safeguard it, but very particularly the association of the group which secured the ascendancy. If, again, the war ends in partial victory, in terms, or by exhaustion,

the Balance of Power, or militarist Europe, naturally remains as before, and no solution of the problem (if it is a problem and not a natural law) of war is possible or desirable. If, finally, we fail, then the Balance of Power will revert to the enemy, who, we may be sure, will not shrink from asserting his supremacy more and more to the disadvantage of the group which opposed him, in which case the vaunted Furor Teutonicus would become not merely a symbol but a reality, heralding the revolution of the European system of nationalities and interests on the lines of the Pan-Germanic hegemony of the German professors.

Quite obviously, the Germans are fighting for military or strategic terms and have in no wise abandoned either their philosophy of Force or the belief in its efficacy. And looking at things as they are, and the results of the war as they appear on the map—which is the soldier's way—we must be past all hope blind if we consider that, under a system of Power, war can change any values but the values of force, and that this war will therefore bring about the Utopia of English Radicalism, or any likelihood of substituting the argument of infantry for the Protocol valuations of highly-paid lawyers. Only the obliteration of the Teutonic Peoples can depose the helmet for the wig. Only our complete military victory. Those therefore who to-day are inclined to study the "psychology of peace" had better first learn the basic principles of war: which primarily and ultimately demand military supremacy to beat the enemy, and military supremacy to hold him down.

Do we realise this? I wonder when Mr. Asquith spoke about "never sheathing the sword" whether he had any idea of the nature of the violence his rhetorical blade had to shatter before the word "never" acquired even a politician's significance. And do we understand what failure must signify to Europe, to us, to the whole future of Anglo-Saxon civilisation? Only too few of us, I fear. We have talked of war to end war, of the last war, of the millennium of Peace; yet we do not seem to grasp the essential truth of the war, which is that only superior force can beat down force, and that all conditions short of positive victory must therefore leave the Balance of Power in Europe not only unsettled, as before the war, but morally

and potentially with the Balance in Germany's favour, all the greater actually owing to her central strategic position and the fact that her direction is single, and not, as with the opposing group, divided. It was for this that Germany threw down the gage. She went to war to show the world that the Balance of Power was a misnomer, that militarily there was no balance.

We have called this the war of Liberation, the war of the little Peoples, and here again it is essential that we face the alternative. The danger, as the map of Europe now stands, is that precisely the idea of Nationality tends to grow weaker the more Force or the Balance of Power claims its justification. If the Germans were to win, this would obviously be the case; but even in the event of "terms" or diplomatists' settlement, the little nations would seem doomed to suffer. Thus the German idea is to make Poland the buffer State in the East, and part of Belgium the buffer State in the West; nor, unless the Germans are overthrown and beaten into humility, is it easy to see how the creation of any one controlling group of Power can benefit the small Peoples who, as the war has shown again and again, are necessarily the victims of *force majeure*. We are compelled to apply this principle to Greece; there is the Foreign Office Treaty of Blockade instead of the sailors' Blockade; there is the Swedish question over the Aland Islands; there is the American principle of neutral Liberty, the affirmation of which our so-called Democratic Government have sedulously withheld from the Public knowledge; there is Serbia.

Short then of an absolute Allied victory, the principle of Nationality appears destined to weaken rather than acquire affirmation, and any Peace which left the Germans whole and in possession of strategic boundaries must attenuate Nationality in the interests of military expediency. And this is what the German Chancellor meant in his last utterance on Peace. The Germans, he declared, must acquire the strategic results of their achievements. This, of course, is the principle we are fighting. It is this Liberation we are struggling for. It is, therefore, this end that those among us who profess Liberal principles should stand for to the last man and farthing, instead, as the tendency among them

would seem to be, of thinking rather how to end the war in conditions which, whether they admit it or not, must leave all their aspirations and principles not only unsolved but frustrated.

That is why the Germans are to-day ready for peace, for the purpose of consolidating their gains. As things actually stand, the programme of Pan-Germanism has been realised, the main feature of which was the direct highway from Hamburg to Constantinople, and thence to the east. To Germany, this is the crucial demand, not Belgium, not the Western delimitation of frontier; and it is here that, failing positive victories on our part, the door of Peace may be regarded as open or shut. It will depend solely on violence or military results. And what this Democracy has to realise and decide is what sufficiency of defeat (of the enemy) it will accept as the precondition to Peace negotiations, failing which all idea of altering the militarism of Europe under a system of Power is to be dismissed off-hand as mere verbal futility.

It is my opinion that the issue will be decided as the results of the terrific fighting this summer. The Allies have opened the campaign in favourable auspices. On sea we have demonstrated our superior power in the testimony afforded by the refusal of the German Naval Forces to meet our Main Fleet in battle. More than that is not needed. When Admiral Jellicoe arrived, the Germans withdrew—in the face of superior forces, according to military teaching. There were no surprises. The net result of the Naval Fight may be summed up as entirely satisfactory to us: the "Young" Fleet of Germany realises that it cannot face ours; it is and it remains an inferior arm, and it is an excellent thing that the world should know it.

On land, the "surprise" has been the success of the Russians, who have proved that there is no necessary stagnation in positional warfare, even as the Germans proved it last summer at their expense. But the key of the war is in France. It is on the Western front that this war will be decided, and it is there we shall probably see in the next few months the greatest battles that have taken place yet in the history of man. We stand to-day at the crisis of the war, before decisions which will decide the principles of Europe in this century. All sides are at their maximum

strengths. The results of this summer's fighting must, it would seem, be determinative.

Clearly, the Germans have not changed, and to-day hope to be able to assert themselves; to prove to Europe that the Central Powers hold the Balance of Power, and that Force is to dictate to Europe. Only our superior Force will give us the power of dictation. Only our positive victories will compel the Germans to see life other than strategically, for the condition of military defeat alone will provide that sufficiency upon which we can conclude Peace on any terms satisfactory to the little Peoples, and so win to any durable conception of Nationality higher than that of Power under the present European system.

The truth, then, we have to realise is that if we fail to correct her estimate of that Balance she will have proved her contention, and that in the event of what is called an "inconclusive peace" our failure will not only leave the question of war and armaments and secret diplomacy and national hatred unsolved, but it will be morally, physically, and nationally immeasurably greater, in degree of quality and unity and potential application of power, than hers.

More about Rubber

By Raymond Radclyffe

I WROTE what was almost an enthusiastic article about rubber shares in the April issue of the ENGLISH REVIEW. I then pointed out that investors should choose the best shares, and refuse to be deluded into buying supposed bargains. I was careful to say that no one should purchase shares unless they could see a clear 10 per cent. In April raw rubber was round 3s. 6d. per pound, and the market looked moderately strong. To-day the price is under 2s. 6d. and does not seem inclined to remain there. Thus, in three months we have seen a drop of over 25 per cent. in the raw material. Yet, the quotations in the share market are in many cases actually higher, and in no important share is the price much lower. This is remarkable, because a company with an output of a million pounds would apparently shed profits at the rate of £50,000 a year by the lowering of market value in the commodity it supplied. It would seem to suggest that share values were too low last April if they have been able to sustain themselves in spite of a 25 per cent. drop in the commodity. But I think the real reason why shares have remained steady is that investors are not in the least disturbed at the sight of rubber at 2s. 6d., because the bulk of the plantations are year by year increasing their yields; and as the yields increase without any addition being made to the issued capitals, so can the dividends be held.

I was careful to point out in my previous article that all the best companies were handled by cautious men of business, who were not out to sell shares, but who had their own money in the companies they administered. These men have gradually increased the acreage of their plantations, and paid for the planting out of profits or out of reserves obtained in some cases by the issue of shares at enormous premiums. For example, Anglo-Malay, one of the Harrisons and Crosfield

group, began life in 1905 with 1,700 acres and a capital of £150,000. To-day, 4,430 acres have been planted, but the capital remains unchanged. This is a fair example of a well-managed company, whose dividends have fluctuated between 18 and 100 per cent., and have in all totalled 514 per cent. in the ten years of its existence. The sum of £173,000 has been spent out of profits, or equal to £39 per acre. There are still about 750 acres of rubber to come under the knife. This company, supposing it does not go on increasing its acreage out of profits, could always pay round 10 per cent. to an investor who purchased the 2s. shares at 12s., even when rubber drops to 2s. per lb. I do not mention this company with any idea that people should take fire and rush in to buy the shares. I think that there are more attractive purchases in the rubber market. I give it as an example of the type of enterprise that has been carefully financed, moderately well-managed, but fully valued by the share dealers. It is also a reasonable example of the vicissitudes of the rubber plantation industry, for in 1910 the dividend was 100 per cent. and the price had risen from 4s. 1d. to 39s. From these high figures the dividend dropped year by year till it touched 32 per cent. in 1914, when the price was as low as 6s. 6d.

It is quite possible that we may again see rubber quoted at 2s. per lb., and there are many reasons why shareholders in sound companies should welcome the fall. Mexico may become once again a rubber-producing country, but it can hardly hope to harvest large and payable crops of either Castilloa or Guayule at 2s. per lb. Brazil will one day recover her financial equilibrium, and then the aviadoring houses at Pará and Manaos will be able to finance themselves and adventure their goods on the Amazon in exchange for rubber, but with a low price such enterprise hardly pays. Probably the Amazon crop is kept down quite as much by lack of capital in Pará and Manaos as by the low price, for the trade is almost entirely one of barter. The seringueiros must live, and to live they must tap; but no new areas will be opened up under present conditions, and Eastern planters have now got working costs so low that they can view the Brazilian competition with a calm mind. The African wild rubber market is practically killed by low prices, as this rubber always arrives in a very dirty condition,

and consequently fetches a low price, which is governed by the rate for plantation. Jelutong is in demand in the United States, but the Chinese who collect this species are not people who work for nothing, and we may consider that it does not pay to collect if plantation is round 2s. Therefore, it is infinitely better for the plantation industry as a whole that rubber should be low in price than that it should be boomed to 4s. per lb. and over. Also, it must not be forgotten that the Eastern plantations are year by year increasing their production, and that it is of the utmost importance to them that new uses should be found for rubber, in order that the larger and ever-growing tonnage should be readily absorbed. There are numberless uses to which rubber can be put outside the engineering, automobile and shoe industries, which at present absorb the whole output. But to open new markets for rubber price must be low.

Practically all well-managed plantations can to-day produce their rubber at 1s. per lb., including all charges for depreciation, London expenses, and selling charges. Many of the older companies have been able through various causes to even boast that their "all in" charges are down to 9d. Some enthusiasts claim that the time will come when every first-class plantation will be able to sell its rubber at 1s. per lb., and still make a handsome profit. I am sceptical on this point, for up to the present increased acreage, though giving larger crops, has not resulted in any material reduction in costs. Moderately-sized estates, compactly arranged, would appear to give the lowest costs. Huge areas necessitate the employment of a large European staff—always an expensive item. But every year adds to our knowledge of how to run a rubber property, and every year sees fractions of a penny knocked off costs. If it had not been for the war, which must have added 2d. per lb. to the costs on all properties, and much more on some, we should have seen the average "all in" cost on all old estates reduced to 9d. Freights have been raised, Europeans have joined the colours, and thus supervision has been less efficient and more expensive. Native labour has been more expensive, owing to the rise in prices, and general charges have increased all round. Therefore, it is only fair to assume that when peace comes costs will fall at least 3d. per lb.

Whether the demand for rubber will keep pace with the

production of the East no one can say, but we may hope with reason that it will. Motor transport is mainly run on solid tyres, which are sold on a guaranteed mileage. The better the tyre, the longer it lasts, and the more economical it is in the long-run. Therefore, makers who wish to get a good name for their tyres use plenty of rubber, and use the best. They can thus compete by guaranteeing a longer mileage. German tyres undoubtedly held a great name for quality, and German makers were bold in guaranteeing mileage. They are now out of the market and British tyre-makers have a splendid chance. They are using it for all they are worth, and when the war ends the Continental and other German firms will have to fight hard to regain the business they have lost. The competition which must ensue will, of course, mean more rubber and should aid in stiffening the market.

Therefore, on the whole, I see no reason why shareholders in Eastern Plantations should view the future with any fear. They will no doubt have to face fluctuations. Every business has its good years and its bad. But the general outlook is reasonably good.

Those who are in rubber will probably remain in. The question arises, Will it pay to buy shares at the present moment? I reply, "Yes," if due care is taken not to pay too much. Many formulas have been invented in the rubber market whereby the tyro could, by the exercise of a little arithmetic, find out which share was cheap and which dear. But all formulas leave out the personal element of management; they disregard typhoons, white ants and other pests; they scorn the unexpected. They are at best merely rough-and-ready rules. A House firm of brokers recently suggested that for every £1 invested in a rubber company there ought to be an output of 2 lb. of rubber. If, for instance, say the brokers, a rubber company has a capital of £100,000, and the price of the shares is £2 (or a capitalisation of £200,000), then that company should produce 400,000 lb. of rubber. If we take the cost price to be 1s. and the sale price 2s., we get a profit of 1s. per lb., which is equal to 10 per cent. on each £1 invested, when the yield is up to the required 2 lb. of rubber for each sovereign. On the whole, this rule is fair enough, and no one who buys on it can come to much harm.

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,, 1048.

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R. A. STEWART HOLLEBONE.

Telegraphic Address :
"Chalsaw, Ave, London."

June 16, 1916.

WAVERLEY PLANTATION 5/- Fully Paid Shares.

Since I recommended these Shares at 1s. 9d., they have risen to 3s. 6d. buyers.

I again draw the attention of my clients to the merits of these Shares, as I am, for the following reasons, fully convinced there is considerable scope for Capital appreciation to at least par value (5s.) :

Although the Company has only just reached the producing stage, 60 per cent. of the cost of maintenance, re-clearing, &c., was, for the year ended December 31, 1915, charged to revenue account.

The official estimates of production are :—

	Coffee.	Hevea Rubber.
1916	2,150cwt.	30,000lb.
1917	3,643 ,,	60,000lb.
1918	5,464 ,,	100,000lb.

15,000lb. of rubber have been obtained for the first five months of the current year, indicating that the production for the year will exceed the official estimate.

ESTIMATES OF PROFITS.

Taking a production of 30,000lb. of rubber and 2,186cwt. of coffee, the profits for 1916 should be as follows :—

30.000lb. of rubber at 2/6	£3,750
2,150cwt. coffee, all sold forward at 59/-	6,342
	£10,092
Estimated Estate expenditure based on last Report and allowing 40 per cent. to Capital Account	6,500
Equal to a total net profit of	£3,592

Or over 3½ **per cent.** on Capital.

On the basis of the official estimates of production, the profits for 1917 and 1918 should be as follows :—

1917.

60,000lb. of rubber, at 2/6	£7,500
3,643cwt. coffee, at 60/-	10,929
(The present price of coffee is over 80/- per cwt.)	
	£18,429
Estimated expenditure, allowing 25 per cent. to Capital Account	8,500
Equal to a profit of	£9,929

Or nearly **10 per cent.** on Capital.

1918

100,000lb. of rubber at 2/6	£12,500
5,464cwt. coffee at 60/-	16,392
(Present price of coffee over 80/-)	
	£28,892
Expenditure, say	12,000
	£16,892

Or nearly **17 per cent.** on Capital.

DIVIDEND PROSPECTS.

On the basis of the above figures it will be seen that a dividend of at least 2½ per cent. should be earned for the current year, with substantial and increasing dividends for subsequent years.

It will be noticed that these estimates are based on a very moderate price for both coffee and rubber.

A purchase at 3s. 6d. for the 5s. FULLY PAID SHARE should, therefore, show a return for the next three years as follows :—

A dividend for 1916 of 2½ per cent. would equal at present price approximately 4 per cent.
A dividend for 1917 of 6 per cent. would equal at present price approximately 9 per cent.
A dividend for 1918 of 12 per cent. would equal at present price approximately 18 per cent.

NOTE.—The above particulars are not, except where stated, official, but are compiled from inquiries, and are believed to be substantially accurate.

Speaking at the Annual General Meeting on the 23rd May last, a Shareholder said in regard to the accounts :—

"You mentioned in your speech that you have charged a certain part of your expenses to revenue —that certain part is 60 per cent. of the whole, and, to my mind, that fact is exceedingly satisfactory. When we come to look at your report we find that out of 76,000 of your Hevea trees only 10,000 were in tapping at the end of the year. That is less than one-seventh, and the fact that you should be able to charge 60 per cent. of your total expenditure to revenue against a comparatively small proportion of your trees that are in bearing, certainly I think is pleasing."

From the *Daily Telegraph*, June 15, 1916 :—

RUBBER SHARES.

Waverley developed renewed strength, active dealings being notified up to 3s. 5½d.

I have business in these Shares and can offer up to 1,000 (or part) 5/- fully paid Shares at 3s. 6d. free of commission.

JOHORE RUBBER LANDS.

These shares continue an active market at 27s. 3d. —27s. 9d., ex dividend. The very satisfactory output for May, viz., 71,496lb., against 27,588lb. for May, 1915, indicates that the official estimate of 800,000lb. rubber for the current year (against 414,000lb. for last year), will be realised.

I estimate on the basis of the above output that the profit (including the Segamat interest) for the current year will be approximately 15½ PER CENT. and 28 PER CENT. FOR 1917.

I advise my many clients, who bought on my advice from 12s. upwards, to retain their interest for at least 35s.

From the *Financier and Bullionist*, June 9, 1916 :—

JOHORE RUBBER LANDS.—"Given a steady market in the commodity, they should gradually appreciate in value up to fully 40s."

SEGAMAT (JOHORE) RUBBER ESTATES.

I am recommending these shares to my investing clients as being, at their present price, one of the most attractive shares in the rubber market. A profit of 35 per cent. should be shown on the share capital for the current year. These shares should gradually appreciate on merits to 50s.

Full particulars on application.

I have special business in these shares, and can offer up to 200 shares (or part) at 34s. 6d., free of commission.

Transactions are completed, either direct with clients or through their own bankers, payment being made or received at the Bank against delivery of Stock.

All offers to buy or sell Stocks or Shares are made subject to business being still open on receipt of instructions.

STATISTICAL DEPARTMENT.

In response to the request of many of our clients we have been for some time organising an efficient Statistical Department covering all classes of securities (and more especially Rubber Companies) dealt in on the London Market, in order to be in a position to deal efficiently and speedily with inquiries by correspondence.

This is now complete, and the assistance of expert advisers has been secured to deal with all classes of securities. The manifest advantages of the department are placed free of any charge at the service of our clients and correspondents, who should clearly indicate, when seeking advice, whether they are holders (and if so, price paid) or propose buying the securities about which they inquire.

From the *Financial Times*, Sept. 10, 1915 :—

Mr. R. A. STEWART HOLLEBONE.

The difficulties which members of the Stock Exchange have to contend with under the new regulations are exemplified by the fact that Mr. R. A. Stewart Hollebone has opened business premises at 4, Broad-street Place, E.C., for dealing in stocks and shares independently of the "House." Mr. Stewart Hollebone's long association with the Stock Exchange naturally fits him for a business of this class.

From the *Financial News*, August 18, 1915 :—

Mr. R. A. STEWART HOLLEBONE.

We congratulate Mr. R. A. Stewart Hollebone on the bold step he has taken of opening a stock and share dealing business at 4, Broad-street Place, E.C. Mr. Hollebone's connection with the Stock Exchange for upwards of a quarter of a century should provide sufficient guarantee for the conduct of an enterprise which does not depend upon the vagaries of the "House."

From the *New Witness*, Sept. 2, 1915 :—

The investing public will be interested to hear that Mr. R. A. Stewart Hollebone has opened a department for Stock and Share dealing (independent of the "House") at 4, Broad-street Place, E.C. Mr. Hollebone has had a lengthy association with the City, and his connection with the Stock Exchange for nearly twenty-five years fits him essentially for the *rôle* of financial adviser.

[*To face end of Rubber Article.*

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TWILIGHT IN ITALY. By D. H. LAWRENCE. Duckworth. 6*s.*

There is a passage in George Gissing's *Papers of Rycroft* where he confesses his intense hatred of soldiering, on account of the discipline it necessitates; and this almost ferocious individualism speaks from every page of Mr. Lawrence's new book, chiefly studies of travel. They are the man. A sensuous sensitiveness, a fierce intellectual detachment from the world, a spirit of revolt and freedom and honesty of purpose cry, as it were, from these pages, and we have the impression of a great loneliness, a proud unhappiness, a man in artistic distress. Here, of course, we collide with the artist. He sees the terrible ordinariness of Switzerland, and it hurts him. His æstheticism is continually jarred at the sordidness, the slavery, the mechanising of human life. Certainly he was no happy wanderer—too critical for that, oddly enough, too English, though this he has yet to learn. At times his petulousness seems rather unworthy, but Mr. Lawrence is so beautiful a writer that his vision, however oblique, however *criard*, calls for pity rather than rebuke; the man is so honest, so absurdly the artist-child, the discoverer—which is one of the signs of genius. Let us leave it there. All creation is born of suffering. Yet there are no traces, as yet, of any pose as a moral reformer. Mr. Lawrence sees and describes what he sees, and very pathetically we feel how much of human life stinks in his nostrils, and we are glad of his wholesome agonising pen.

INN OF HEART. By Odette St. Lys. 3*s.* 6*d.* net. And THE GYPSY. 5*s.* net.

WE have received this "fragment" in French and English. It is an essentially feminine creation, elliptic, inconclusive, curiously subtle, and quite charming—the half

profits are to be devoted to the British Red Cross Fund. To us, the most interesting thing is the comparison of the two languages, for Odette St. Lys has done both works—both, by the way, produced with taste. And here the student will find considerable room for thought. Also we have the new *Gypsy*, which is more luxurious than ever. It is an æsthetic production, with some clever and astonishing drawings, designs, and ornamentations. It has a tone, a vague, semi-drawing-room, semi-Quartier Latin atmosphere; the whole thing is, in fact, *baroque* yet ladylike, which no doubt will appeal, even in war-time, to those spirits who, outraged at the conventionalities of modern productions, seek the sense of themselves in the detachment and savour of a neo-æstheticism.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

DOSTOIEVSKY: HIS LIFE AND LITERARY ACTIVITY. By EUGENII SOLOVIEV. George Allen and Unwin. 5*s*. net.

This life does not take us very much nearer to a complete understanding of the famous Russian novelist, though occasionally we get an inkling of the series of circumstances which went towards the formation of Dostoievsky's very individual and peculiar genius. We are told that in his early childhood Dostoievsky suffered from hallucinations and later from epilepsy; that neither psychopathy nor psychiatry attracted his attention; and that nowhere in his correspondence do we find a line which could be taken as evincing the smallest interest in matters of science. We are further informed of the series of incidents which led to the writing of "Poor Folk"; of how, after its publication, Dostoievsky "simply reeked of glory," and, in his hysterical enthusiasm, even exaggerated his success. But altogether the life is singularly incomplete and uninteresting, and is without any of the touches which make the ideal biography. At times the author is irritatingly personal, as when he writes such philosophy as: "For the majority of people early manhood or womanhood represents the happiest times of their lives."

FIFTY YEARS OF A LONDONER'S LIFE. By H. G. HIBBERT. London: Grant Richards. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

A volume of reminiscences, put together most pleasantly at haphazard, and dealing with the world of amusement, as it has been watched through half a century by a busy theatrical journalist, who has been everywhere and known everybody in theatre-land. Especially does Mr. Hibbert trace the development of the music-hall, in its progress from pot-house to palace, from the old caves of sometimes indecorous harmony to the present gilded halls of expensive propriety. It is a theme that might furnish an obvious text for a philosopher, conveying as it does that sense of fugacity that attends the small pleasures of life—the sense that can make of a bygone comic song the sad corpse that we all know it to be. These old-time songs, their singers, and the managers of their singers, all figure in what, philosophy apart, is as entertaining a collection of memories as any that we have met this great while. Mr. Hibbert has a sly way with him that assures that no story loses point through his telling of it. Nay, he is often so frugal as to make a single phrase illustrate a variety of meanings. A book that will appeal most of all to Londoners; and after them to anyone who is interested in the lighter side of stage life.

An "English Review" Y.M.C.A. Hut

One of the surprises of the war, certainly one of its essentially English improvisations, has been the institution of the Y.M.C.A. Huts which have now been erected in all fighting zones, the benefit of which has long been recognised both by soldiers and civilians. In these Huts meals are provided at cheap rates; there is sleeping accommodation; there are hot baths, and all the facilities of a club. In France these Huts have proved invaluable to the men, helping in no small way to maintain the link with home associations, and here, too, they have done splendid service to those who find themselves stranded in London and elsewhere. But there is no need to-day to dwell on the Y.M.C.A. work. It is unique in military annals, and is the wonder of friend and foe alike. It having been suggested to the management that there is as yet no English Review Hut, we have determined to "do our bit" in the matter, and we now confidently appeal to our readers and supporters to help provide such a hut, the full cost of which amounts to £500.

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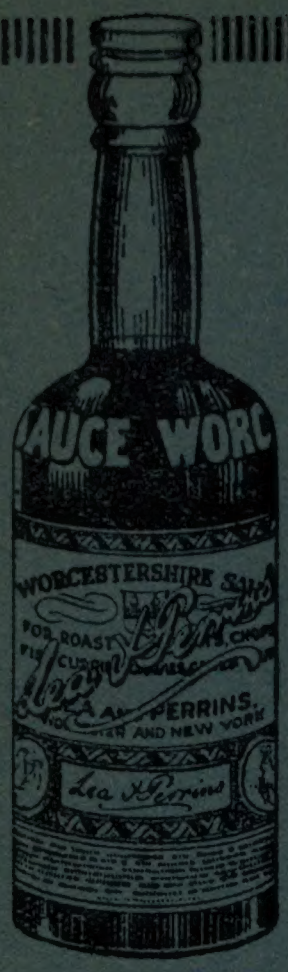

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